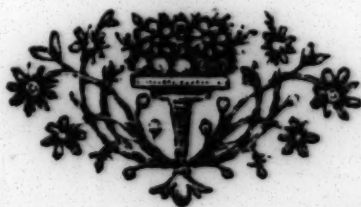


The GENUINE
WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.

VOL. III.



L O N D O N :

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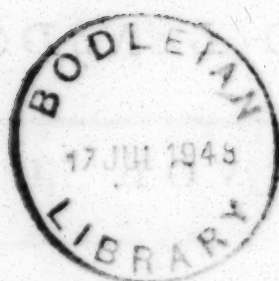
M. DCC. XXXVI.

THE GENUINE
W O R K S

VERSES AND PROSE

OF THE

OLD



OLD

OF THE

Once a Lover ; and Always a Lover.

A

COMEDY.

VOL. III.

B

P R E F A C E.

THE following COMEDY is a New Building upon an Old Foundation. It appeared first under the Name of the SHE-GALLANTS; and by the Preface, then prefix'd to it, is said to have been but the Child of a Child.

BY taking it since under Examination so many Years after, the AUTHOR flatters himself to have made a correct COMEDY of it. He found it regular to his Hand: The SCENE constant to one Place; The TIME not exceeding the Bounds prescrib'd; And the ACTION Entire. It remained only to clear the Ground; and to plant, as it were, fresh Flowers in the room of those which were grown into Weeds, or faded by Time: To re-touch, and vary the Characters; enliven the Painting; retrench the Superfluous; and animate the Action, where it appeared the young AUTHOR seem'd to aim at more than he had yet Strength to perform: Particularly, in the SCENE between the TWO PRETTY-FELLOWS in the Second ACT; The Visiting SCENE in the Third; The Quarrelling SCENE betwixt BELLAMOUR and LUCINDA in the Fourth; The Reconciling SCENE betwixt BELLAMOUR and ANGELICA in the Fifth; And all the CHARACTERS throughout: Especially that of Sir TOBY, which may pass for Original.

P R E F A C E.

SHAKESPEARE has given us a Sir **PANDARUS**; *Mr. DRYDEN*, a Father **ALDO**; *Mr. OTWAY*, a Sir **JOLLY JUMBLE**: Our **STAGE** has abounded in meer Pimps and Buffoons: But Sir **TOBY** is an Observer of Decency; A Man of Sense, and Good Breeding, according to the Manners of that **REIGN**, in which he is supposed to have pass'd his Youth; But still retaining, in his Old-Age, that loose Spirit of Gaiety and Libertinism, which reign'd in those Days of Devotion to the **FAIR-SEX**.

WHETHER this **INFANT** deserved a New Coat; Or whether, now he is provided with One, it may set him off better, is, with all Deference, submitted. An **AUTHOR** flatters himself very ridiculously, if he can suppose it in his Power to Argue, and Reason the World into Judging, as he himself may perhaps do, of his **OWN WORK**.



Dramatis

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BELLAMOUR,	<i>Formerly in Love with ANGELICA: Now courting LUCINDA.</i>
PHILABEL,	<i>LUCINDA's first Lover.</i>
FREDERICK,	<i>In Love with CONSTANTIA,</i>
Sir TOBY TICKLE,	<i>An old Debauchee of the last Age.</i>
Sir JOHN AIRY,	} <i>Coxcombs, commonly call'd Pret-</i>
VAUNTER,	} <i>ty-Fellows.</i>
COURTALL,	<i>Brother to CONSTANTIA, so re-</i> <i>sembling, as not to be known from</i> <i>one another.</i>

W O M E N.

Lady DORIMEN,	
LUCINDA,	<i>Niece to Lady DORIMEN.</i>
ANGELICA,	<i>In Love with BELLAMOUR.</i>
CONSTANTIA,	} <i>Passing, in Man's Habit, for</i> <i>her Brother COURTALL.</i>
DIANA,	} <i>Sisters to FREDERICK, courted</i>
MELISSA,	} <i>by CONSTANTIA, under the</i>
MIRANDA,	} <i>Name of COURTALL.</i>
DORINDA,	
Lady SILENCE,	} <i>Visitants at Lady DORIMEN's Cir-</i>
Lady PRATE-A-	} <i>cle.</i>
PACE,	
Countess of KET-	
TLEDNUM,	
CLEVER,	<i>Woman, and Confidant to Lady Do-</i> <i>RIMEN.</i>

SCENE: *St. James's Park, and Houses adjoining.*

Once a Lover ; and Always a Lover.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *St. James's Park and Houses adjoining.*

ANGELICA and CONSTANTIA, in Man's Apparel.

Ang. DISGUISE your Inclinations as you can,
Yet every Woman's Business is a Man.

Const. And every Man's is a Woman --- So the
World goes round.

Ang. Not so equally as you may imagine. This
wicked Age has introduced strange unnatural Revolu-
tions amongst us, even in Love. Thus disguised, how
do the pretty Fellows, as they are call'd, flutter about
us? Demme, *Jack*, a charming Boy --- Beged, how
I could hug the young Rogue!

Const. If they have their *Strephons*, we have our
Sappho's. Come, Come, There we are even with
them again.

B 4

Ang.

Ang. To confess the Truth, Ingenuity is so well improved on both Sides, it would be hard to say which Sex has a Right to throw the first Stone. But to the Point: Of all the Conquests I could make in this Habit, my single Aim is at Lady DORIMEN: It is, you know, to her Niece LUCINDA, my faithless BEL-LAMOUR is upon the point of being married: I have but this Day to prevent it, and either to recover or be revenged of the Traytor.

Const. Well, let us hear: How do you propose to go about it?

Ang. This Lady DORIMEN, you must know, is a Woman of Quality, of tolerable Sense, handsome enough, perfectly well-bred, with a little Turn of Affectation: In Publick, she preserves all that outward Dignity and Decorum which is necessary to keep up the Forms of Respect: But she is the Devil in a Corner: Her Composition is all Tinder; the least Spark kindles her into a Flame. --- Upon this I ground my Hopes ---

Const. Of being that Spark --- Well, go on.

Ang. The Person whom I have found out to be my Agent and Introducer is no other than my own graceless old Father, Sir TOBY TICKLE: A Libertine of the last Age, who being past the Enjoyment of Pleasure himself, his whole Delight is in procuring it for others. There is in every one's Composition some particular prevailing Ingredient: With good Sense, good Manners, a thorough Knowledge of the World, not without some Mixture of Honour, he can no more resist an Opportunity of being Convenient, than my Lord *Touch-it-and-take-it*, with Ten thousand Pounds a-year,

year, can help picking of Pockets. He knows me not ; neither is it possible he should, having left me in my Cradle to the Care of an old Aunt, and never seen or enquired after me since.

Const. This virtuous Father of yours is so universally useful, that I am no Stranger to his Person or Character. I have retained him too in a Cause of my own --- For, to confess the Truth freely, there was some other Meaning in my putting on Breeches besides keeping you Company.

Ang. I always suspected as much, you jump'd into them so readily --- Well then, now for your Secret.

Const. Know then, my dear ANGELICA, as much as I have appeared in publick an Enemy declared to Love, we have held a private Correspondence together. And, what may seem more out of the way, The Man in the World whom I love best, is Him whom I use worst. I know what perfidious Creatures Men are, and am resolved to sound his Soul to the Bottom, before he shall see the least Glimpse into mine : If upon Proof, I find FREDERICK loves me as sincerely as he professes, he may then hope for my Favour ; but if I find him varying in the least, let my Treatment of him be never so provoking or tyrannical, my Aversion, which is now but Pretence, shall become real ; nor shall he ever have it in his Power to suspect I have had the least Weakness for him.

Ang. It is so very unusual to love and be discreet at the same Time, that this Caution is much to be commended. O why was not I as wise ?

Const. In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already in this Disguise made a Friendship with him,

passing for my own Brother COURTALL, whom every body knows to resemble me so entirely, that by changing of Habits it is impossible to know which is which. Thus I have daily Opportunity to pry into his most secret Thoughts, to acquaint myself with every little Humour, and see him in all Lights. To this serious Piece, there happens to be added a *Farce*. In Exchange for my Sister, he has offer'd me the Choice of one of his : I have accepted the Proposal : He has no less than four, and I am at them all.

Ang. How ! At all four !

Const. Their Characters are extraordinary : The two eldest are affected Prudes, professing an Aversion to all Mankind, but licking their Lips at every Coxcomb they see : The third is a romping *Blowfabella*, perpetually cramming all Sorts of Trash, which she digests at Horse-play with the Footmen : The fourth is an agreeable young Creature enough, modest and discreet. I play them all off alike, and keep up the Suspence of determining by the Impossibility of deciding, where all are equally charming.

Ang. What Malice to triumph in this Manner over the Weakness of your own Sex ! What can this exposing the Sisters, advance any thing with the Brother ?

Const. It diverts me, that's enough : Enquire no farther. As for your combustible Madam, methinks I see her all in a Blaze upon your first Approach. --- Faith, I could be in Love with you myself, but that I know your Credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a false Pass which you shew.

Ang.

Ang. Pr'ythee tell me truly --- What manner of a Man do I make ?

Const. Upon Honour, in all Appearance as much a Man as the smartest *Petit-Maitre*, or the gentlest Dangler of them all.

Ang. However, one is a little aukward at first --- How do I walk ?

Const. Ha *Morbleu* ! An Air *fiere & determinée*.

They strut about the Stage. Enter Sir TOBY who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My *Ganymede* ! --- My *Hylas* ! ---

Ang. My *Jupiter* ! ---

Const. My *Hercules* ! ---

Sir Toby. Odzooks, you are lucky Rogues both ! The Female World's your own --- For thy part, my little *Cupid of Cupids*, Lady *DORIMEN*'s prepared to melt at thy Sight like Butter in the Sun ! I have so loaded and primed her with thy Praises, Touch but the Cock --- Bounce --- she goes off as sure as a Gun. ---

And see here, my *Mark Anthony*, (*To Constantia*)

" *Twice Twenty slender Virgin-Fingers twine*

" *This curious Web, where all their Fancies join.*

Your four *Cleopatra*'s pray you to accept of this Bracelet ; 'tis the Work of all four, composed of their own Hair, and wrought with their own Hands.

Const. Mercury was a Fool to Sir Toby.

Sir Tob. Adzooks ! I defy Mercury and all his Wings.

Enter

Enter AIRY and VAUNTER.

Airy. Ha, TOBY! Son of *Bacchus*, and first Minister to *Venus*! ---

Vaunt. Old Satan, Ha! (*clapping him on the Back*) By *Ganymede*, a Feast for *Jupiter*. --- [*They flutter about Ang. and Conf. who break from them.*]

Ang. and Conf. By your Leave, Gentlemen ---

Sir Toby. [*lifting his Cane at them.*] Hands off, *Civit-Cats* --- Or, by *Charles*, old *Bilbo* here shall give you Correction: 'Tis Royal Oak every Inch of it --- Kifs the Rod, ye perfumed Knaves --- Fear God, and honour the King.

Airy. We have more Wit, Geddemme, than to do either.

Vaunt. We are Men of Principles, *Old Arbitrary*, Men of Principles. --- The World is quite another Thing since thy Time, *Old Tilbury*.

Airy. But these modern Refinements are too deep for thy old-fashion'd Understanding of the last Age. Keep within thy Sphere, *Old Mercury*: What News from the Land of Love?

Sir Toby. That it is the Paradise of Fools when such as thou art the Inhabitants.

Vaunt. Well said, *Old Rust*, thou art never without thy Jest.

Sir Toby. Nor thou neither, ---- Thou art every Man's Jest.

Airy. Ha, Ha, Ha --- A Hit, Geddemme! a palpable Hit --- This old Fellow would make one die with Laughing, Ha, Ha, Ha.

Sir

Sir Toby. A Fool, says *Solomon*, may be known by his Laugh.

Vaunt. Good again ! * says *Solomon* ! Ha, Ha, Ha, I shall see her by and by in *Hyde-Park*, and I'll ask her if ever she said so -- Ha, Ha, Ha.

Sir Toby. O *Tempora* ! O *Mores* !

Airy. Nay if thou conjurest, *Trojan*, Farewel --- And see the Shew begins --- Lady PRATE-A-PACE, Let me die --- VAUNTER, we promised to be upon Duty too this Morning --- To your Post-- To your Post --

Vaunter [singing.] *Sans Amour et sans ces charmes*
Tout l'anguit dans l'univers ---

[*Exeunt*, singing and capering after Lady PRATE-A-PACE, who crosses the Stage with a Crowd of fluttering Coxcombs after her.

Ang. What Fools were those, Sir TOBY ?

Sir Toby. Such Fools as are to be seen, but not to be described : Odzooks, the Town swarms with them : AIRY and VAUNTER are their Names : In the Style of the World they are called *Pretty Fellows*. Coxcombs, who in Defiance to Modesty, or Good-Manners, with a pert, familiar Assurance break in upon all Companies, bragging of Exploits they never performed, and of Favours they never received : And

* An Old Woman so called : A Carryer-on of Intrigues in Hyde-Park.

valuing themselves upon being more wicked than in reality they are.

Ang. And that same gay Lady PRATE-A-PACE, who is she?

Sir Toby. A Riddle, a Rattle, a meer Whirligigg-- Some call her a Wit, but her Tongue out-runs it so fast, she gives it no Time to appear: She has a certain Dexterity in the Exercise of the Eye, which never fails of gathering a Crowd: In the same Instant she smiles upon one, tips the Wink upon another, glances at a third, and laughs at them all. She is the perpetual Motion, here, there, every where, but always in such a Hurry, she may be said to be no-where. Each Sex has its Originals, but with this Difference; There is an attractive Quality in a Woman, let her be never so Impertinent, which draws Mankind to her, like Flies to a Honey-Pot. A Male-Coxcomb has nothing to be said for him.

Ang. Who are these, Sir TOBY?

[*Lady DORIMEN, and LUCINDA appearing.*

Sir Toby. Lady DORIMEN, by *Jupiter!* and with her BELLAMOUR's fair Bride, the beautiful LUCINDA, like *Phœbe*, and the Morning-Star ---

Ang. Is that your beautiful LUCINDA?

Sir Toby. There! There is a Shape, and a Grace--

Ang. Not to be compared to Lady DORIMEN.

Sir Toby. Lady DORIMEN indeed for the great Air--

Ang. And LUCINDA for the little.

Const. Confess the Truth, Cousin, don't you but like her too well?

(*Aside to one another*)

Ang.

Ang. O that I could blast every Charm she has!

Sir Toby. Bow, Bow, and let 'em pass —

There was a gracious Salute --- [*Lady DORIMEN salutes 'em with a smiling Air, as she passes over.*

as much as to say, Follow, and bring your Friend with you. Adzooks, if you would know a Woman, or a Statesman, ever while you live, observe the Countenance; when they dissemble most with their Tongues, their Looks will tell Truth — Adzooks, don't I know?

Const. Sir TOBY is now in his Kingdom: His Spirits rise at the Prospect of Business.

Sir Toby. Stay you here, my *Mark Anthony*: Yonder I see your Four *Cleopatra's* coming this Way: Take them Fresh and Fasting.

Const. One of them, I'll be sworn, is not to be taken Fasting.

Sir Toby. Attack, Attack; be Impudent, and succeed. Our Game is at Lady DORIMEN — Courage, my little *Adonis*: Follow, follow — Women and Fortune, favour the Bold.

Exeunt ANGELICA and Sir TOBY.

DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, DORINDA,
CONSTANTIA joins them; the Bracelet in her Hand.

Const. "As Nature them, so they this Shade have wrought,
"Soft as their Hand, and various as their Thought.

And did you think Ladies, my Heart not enough your own before, that you have sent me this pretty Chain to bind it faster?

Dia.

Dia. The Ladies who have sent you that Bracelet, sure meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour. Fye, Mr. COURTALL, can no one Colour please you?

Const. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Interpretation: I flatter'd my self, that the Ladies who sent me their Hair, meant to deliver up their Strength with it, one and all.

Mel. Vanity, Vanity — I vow, and protest, horrid Vanity!

Const. O for Vanity, your Servant: Take that from us, What shall we Pretty-Fellows have to live upon?

Cor. If Vanity keeps them alive, the Pretty-Fellows of this Age will be Immortal.

Dia. Vanity is too fattening a Diet, it may spoil young Master's Shape: Lord what an odious Creature is a Fat Beau!

Mel. Smiles indeed are too nourishing. Let us mortify him with Frowns till he looks Lean, Pale, and Languishing, like a Lover in Earnest.

Miran. A Lover in Earnest! O my Stars what's that?

(*In a Ramping way, always eating some Trash or other.*)

Dor. A strange Sight indeed, like Apparitions, every Body can tell some Story of them, though no Body ever saw one.

Mel. The Truth is, they are so taken up with their own sweet Persons —

Dor. They can neither like, nor love any thing else.

Const.

Const. Quarter, Quarter, I beseech you Ladies. What is the World swayed by but Self-Affection? The Courtier cringes to the Great-Man, For What? He gets him Preferment: The Great-Man is double diligent about his Master, Why? Because it is his Interest: The Holy-Man, who makes such a Pother about his Altars, it is much to be feared, means only a Fat Benefice.

Dor. And what are Lovers? when a Man pretends a Passion, what is his Aim, but to content his own Desires? This you call Love—— Love of your selves, indeed!

Dia. The Friendship, Religion, Loyalty, and the Love of Men —

Dor. Serve only to cover private Views.

Dia. Most abominable!

Dor. The very Virtues of Mankind, are but so many Masks for some Vice.

Mel. Horrid Creatures!

Const. Smart, and Satirical — What say you, Ladies, to an extempore *Lampoon* upon the whole *Mall*?

[*All Women.*] With all our Hearts.

Dia. Upon Honour, nothing is so diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs—

Const. Nor so fashionable —— I'll not spare a Woman —

[*All Women.*] Nor we a Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

LUCINDA and CLEVER.

Luc. My Aunt seems so deeply engaged with her new Acquaintance, she'll not miss us for one half Turn.

Turn. Did you deliver the Note I gave you for BELLAMOUR?

Clev. Yes, but I vow it went grievously against my Heart.

Luc. The Truth is, he has been so arrogant of late, since he thought there could be no longer any Obstacle to our Marriage, that he makes me Uneasy: And when once a Woman begins to be Uneasy with her Lover, she has but little Encouragement to take him for her Master.

Clev. You have your Aunt's Command to receive him; you have given him Encouragements yourself; the Day is fix'd; the whole Town talks of nothing else: What can you expect the World will think?

Luc. Why, let it think—This Fear of the World destroys all the Pleasures of a Woman's Life—Hang the World—A Woman who minds what the World thinks, or says, had better never have been in the World.

Clev. Pray, Madam, What may be the Reason of this sudden Alteration?

Luc. PHILABEL's Absence had almost worn him out of my Memory: I began to give way to a sort of an Inclination for BELLAMOUR. Absence is a terrible Thing; they are but little acquainted with human Nature, who trust to it. If my old Lover had not returned in the Nick of Time, my new One was in a fair way to have been the happy Man; but since I hear PHILABEL came last Night to Town, I find myself more inclin'd to my first Engagement than my last.

Clev.

Clev. Then you are resolved to break with poor Mr. BELLAMOUR?

Luc. Not absolutely break with him; but suspend my Resolution, 'till I know how PHILABEL continues inclined.

Clev. Dear Madam, why this is being an arrant Coquette.

Luc. 'Tis the way of the World. Besides, BELLAMOUR is daily plaguing me with so many impertinent Jealousies and Questions; Watching every Motion of my Eyes in all publick Places; Quarrelling at every innocent Look, or Action, that I dread for a Husband, so—turbulent and unruly a Lover.

Clev. I vow, Madam, methinks there's nothing so delightful, as to shew one's Power over these turbulent Spirits; To master them in all their Passions; and, right or wrong, to bring them down upon their Knees to ask Pardon.

Luc. Yes, I would master him, I would have him my Slave, like my Glove to draw on, or off, as I am in Humour; but I must have no Expostulations: Give me the Man of Honour, who meaning no Wrong, suspects none: So all private Reckonings at Home are handsomely discharged, who cares for what's spent abroad?—That's the Husband for me.

Clev. Lord, Madam, how wildly you talk!—What would my Lady say if she heard you?

Luc. Say! Why she would say like all other Guardians who place Happiness only in Settlements. Defend me from a Fool with nothing but an Estate! I would rather marry a Man without a Fortune, than a Fortune without a Man.

Clev.

Clev. You are in no such Danger, Madam, with Mr. BELLAMOUR.

Luc. Nor with Mr. PHILABEL.

Clev. I have done, Madam.

Lady DORIMEN, ANGELICA, and Sir TOBY returning.

L. Dor. If these Trees, Sir TOBY, could write the History of their own Times —

Sir Toby. We might then hope for a faithful Historian, who would do Justice to the Memory of the God-like Prince who planted them.

L. Dor. Which we can never hope for from Men, who are always influenced by Passion on one Side or other, and flatter, or traduce, just as their Interest, their Affection or Prejudice guide them.

Sir Toby. O Madam, had you lived in those happy Days of Wit and Gallantry!

L. Dor. I have often wished it, when reading my WALLER, I admired the graceful King described in his Morning Exercise, striking the Ball, with Manly Vigour, from one End of the Mall to the other-- And then in the Evening —

Ang. Like a God disguised, mingling in the Crowd of mortal Beauties —

Sir Toby. Aye, There was the Pleasure! Adzooks, these Eyes have seen it all, and the Remembrance draws Tears from them.

L. Dor. Sir TOBY, a Word with you.

(*Sir TOBY, and Lady DORIMEN walk aside.*)

ANGELICA

ANGELICA in the mean time addresses to LUCINDA.

Ang. So pensive, Madam : May a Man have Leave to guess at your Thoughts ?

Luc. You may, Sir, and find yourself mistaken.

Ang. Matrimony, indeed, is a serious Thing : The Leap must needs seem terrible as you approach nearer, and nearer to the Precipice.

Luc. Not so near, pert Sir, as perhaps you may imagine.

Ang. This would be ill News to Mr. BELLAMOUR, whose Impatience must be great to be possess'd of so much Happiness.

Enter BELLAMOUR, observing them.

Luc. Whatever Mr. BELLAMOUR's Impatience may be, I shall hardly venture any Part of my own Repose to satisfy it.

BELLAMOUR joining them.

Bel. And do you think it then such a Venture, Madam ?

Luc. There is no judging of Men, Mr. BELLAMOUR by the Appearances they give themselves when they court us.

Bel. Nor of Women when they are courted : At least if I may compare some former Encouragements with your Indifference to Day.

Ang.

Ang. [aside] How my Blood rises at the Traytor! Adzooks, as Sir TOBY says, I could find in my Heart to cut his Throat before her Face. Down, Down, proud swelling Heart.

Lady DORIMEN, and Sir TOBY returning.

Sir Toby. My Lady has been bespeaking you, young Gentleman, to make one in her Party this Evening at *Quadrille*: I have answered for you, that she shall always find you a ready Gamester.

Ang. I am afraid her Ladyship will find me an ar-rant Bungler.

Sir Toby. She'll teach you, she'll teach you: No body understands the Game better.

L. Dor. It is always good to have one's Party so fix'd as not to be at a Loss for a Gamester.

Ang. Your Ladyship may depend upon me --- as far as I am able to perform.

L. Dor. Mr. BELLAMOUR, your Servant --- 'Tis Pity to interrupt Lovers --- Let us be convenient, and leave them together! Our Presence may constrain them: Niece, you will not be displeased to be left alone for a few Minutes with Mr. BELLAMOUR --- We'll meet the next Turn.

[*L. DORIMEN, Sir TOBY, and ANGELICA walk aside.*]

LUCINDA

LUCINDA, BELLAMOUR.

Bel. Cruel Woman ! Why was this Letter sent me this Morning ?

LETTER.

[Reads] “ *You have been too confident of my Consent :
“ Presume no longer upon my Aunt’s Authority. My
“ Heart is yet my own, and while it continues so,
“ my Person shall never be disposed of. Come not
“ near me to Day.*”

[Speaks] Why am I thus abused ?

Luc. Come not near me to Day --- Why am I disobey’d ?

Bel. If any Mistake has happened : or if in any thing, unknowing, I have transgress’d, may I not be admitted to clear my Innocence ?

Luc. To make yourself more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence ? Let my Commands seem never so unjust, or unreasonable, I expect to be obey’d : Nay, I will be obey’d : Whilst I remain Mistress, Patience, and Resignation is your Business --- When I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

Bel. Patience, and Resignation, are for Fools and abject Slaves --- I’d have you to know, Madam, you have to do with a Man ---

Luc. And I’ll have you to know, Sir, you have to do with a Woman.

Bel. By Heavens, I find it but too true. Your Sex is all a Riddle, unintelligible to the most piercing, and quick-

quick-sighted: You are all Artifice, and Disguise; Resolving, and Altering, without Sense or Reason: Inconstant in your Minds, as in your Persons: As these are subject to Age, and Infirmities, so are those to every frivolous Interest, or idle Temptation: Your Love is never so well established, but it is sacrificed every Hour to your Humour, your Folly, or your Pride---

Luc. Enough, Enough, Mr. BELLAMOUR. If this is your Opinion of our Sex, how are you to be believed when you pretend to love us? How can any thing so deformed be beloved?

Bel. There is a secret Enchantment in your Persons which bewitches us to our own Destruction. Come, come, This mysterious Proceeding, Madam, must be better explained: This is no Time for it: Your Company return. ---

[*L. DORIMEN, Sir TOBY, and ANGELICA returning.*]

You shall find, Madam, you have no Fool to deal with.
[*Exit.*]

Luc. And you shall find, Sir --- That's more than you know.

L. Dor. What have you been doing to Mr. BELLAMOUR? He seemed to flounce off in a Passion.

Luc. He is in one of his Splenetick Fits: 'Tis an Affectation the Men have got to disguise Ill-Humour, and Ill-Manners.

Ang.

Ang. He looks indeed methinks a little too soon with the careful Face of a marry'd Man.

L. Dor. Niece, our Hour is come --- [*Looking at her Watch.*]

Ang. The Park, Madam, is still full ---

L. Dor. An invincible Necessity obliges us at this Time.

Sir Toby. We have your Leave to make Part of your Circle by and by?

L. Dor. I shall expect it with Pleasure both from your self --- And Friend -- [*Casting an obliging Glance at ANG.*]

"Snatch'd from myself, how far behind

"Already I behold the Shoar! --- [Exit with LUC.]

Sir Toby. Well, my little Friend, how do you like this Beginning?

Ang. Beyond my Hopes --- A Quarrel already begun! --- The Aunt as coming as I could wish! -- If I make nothing of all this --- Well, dear Sir TOBY, I see plainly by this good Beginning, you will prove a Father to me in the End.

Sir Toby. Odzooks! I love thee as a Father loves his own Child. [*Embracing her tenderly, she turns aside, wiping her Eyes.*]

Ang. O Nature! Nature!

Sir Toby. What now, my Boy? Where shall we dine?

Ang. 'Tis too soon for Dinner. I see BELLAMOUR musing by himself in yonder Walk: A Crotchet is

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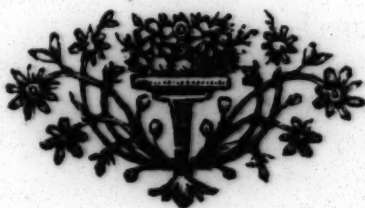
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come

come into my Head : I'll join him, and find you here again.

Sir Toby. In the mean Time I'll look out for a Friend to make a Third with us, 'till the Scene opens at Lady DORIMEN's.

The END of the FIRST A C T



ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE of the PARK continues.

FREDERICK, DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA,
and MIRANDA.

Fred. **L**OVE is an universal Invader : Whatever Women pretend, they are all sensible alike, only with this Difference, Those whom we call Vertuous, have more Pride, or better Skill, in Dissembling.

Dia. Fye, Brother, upon Honour I can't abide you should talk so : I'll live and die, in the Assertion, That no Woman could ever be in Love with a Man.

Mel. A Man! Filthy Beast -- Phogh. [*Spits.*]

Mir. By my Troth, you are very nice --- [*bluntly*] Let me never be married, if I have not seen proper, handsome Fellows, of all Sorts and Sizes.

Dia. Upon Honour, Sister, such a Confession does not become the Mouth of a young Creature of Condition, who has any Regard for Reputation.

Mir. If one may'nt speak what one thinks -- A Fig for Reputation -- I won't tell a Lye.

Fred. In a Word ; One of you, if you love me, must love COURTALL. I have already told you my Passion for his Sister : He has engaged to put me in Possession of her, whenever one of you Four can be pre-

vailed upon to like him. Upon this single Article depends my Life, and all my future Happiness.

Dia. To save a Brother's Life, really, much should be done : But, I take my Death, a Man is strangely my Averfion.

Fred. This very Day he has promised to determine, Which of the Four is most his Inclination ---

Dia. Really, Brother, as I don't doubt but that I am the Person ---

Mel. You the Person !

Mir. Sure he has more Wit than to choose the oldest.

Dia. Impertinence ! The oldest !

Dor. Dear Sisters, have Patience. Let us know a little more of the Gentleman's Mind before we fall out for him.

Dia. For him ! Fall out for him ! What, for the Creature ! Nay then if that can be surmiz'd, there's an End, there's an End : I renounce, I renounce --- My Sister's might have an Eye to the Creature --- To the Thing --- But as I am a true Virgin, nothing, but an inordinate Desire to be the Instrument of a Brother's Happiness, could prevail upon me to have any Notion of Cohabitation with a Man.

Mir. Don't cry, Sister, don't cry --- and I'll give you a Sugar-Plumb. [*Offering her a Handful of Sugar-Plumbs, which she strikes into the Air ; the other picks 'em up again.*]

Fred. Pray no more Words. Go home, I know he expects you, DIANA, you are the Eldest, and should shew a good Example --- No Reply --- Agree amongst yourselves, and make me happy by making COURTAIL so. I follow you. [*Exeunt SISTERS.*]

How

How awkwardly we strive to conceal Nature ! And,
How apparent are the Desires of these Women, in Spight
of their affected Reluctance ! It is as hard to hide a true,
as to dissemble a feigned Passion. [Exit.

S C E N E. II.

Sir JOHN AIRY, VAUNTER.

Airy. The Porter, who slip'd this Note into my
Hand, told me, it was given him by a Gentlewoman,
who sallied forth from a Back-Door of one of these
Houses.

VAUNTER *taking the Letter.*

[*Vau. reads.*] “ If you will venture your Person, be-
“ tween the Hours of Ten and Eleven, in the
“ Bird-Cage Walk, you shall be met by One,
“ who will conduct you to the happiest Adven-
“ ture you ever had in your Life.

[*Speaks.*] Geddemme !

Airy. I am considering who there can be, on this
Westminster-Side of the Park, whom I have not had
already -- Let me see -- [*Pulling out a Pocket-Book.*

Vau. Why all this studying ? Don't we stand here
under LUCINDA's Window ? The prettiest Woman
in Town ; gay, airy, coquette, every Thing that can
feed a Lover's Hopes.

Airy. I'gad, that may very well be. She likes me

I know --- She never sees me but she laughs full in my Face.

Vau. Hark'e, JOHN, That rather looks like -- not likeing you, Be-gad!

Airy. Your Pardon for that --- if a Smile is encouraging --- *A plus fort* --- A Laugh. A Smile is, at best, but the Diminutive of a Laugh.

Vau. Where-ever I come, I observe every Body laugh; and, I'gad, I always took it for an Affront.

Airy. [*looking big*] An Affront! Demme! If I'd take an Affront from the King. A well-bred Man never takes an Affront; but overlooks, with a genteel Grace, those little Impertinencies, which splenetick, captious Coxcombs apply to themselves: To know how to elude, or parry an Affront, is the Tip-top of Gallantry, and Good-Breeding.

Vau. Dear JACK, how will you make that out?

Airy. Why thus: If any rough, unmannerly Sir *John Brute* should take it into his Head to offer me the Incivility of a Lye --- Pray, Am I oblig'd to take it?

Vau. Geddeme! I'll take nothing from any Man that I don't care to take.

Airy. And what is resenting, but taking it? As a Blot is no Blot 'till it is hit; An Affront is no Affront 'till it is taken.

Vau. 'Tis not to be deny'd.

Airy. Suppose me now, for Example, some dreadful, bloody-minded Colonel --- [*Acting both Parts.*] Here stand I --- There stand you --- A nice accomplished, pretty Fellow --- Thus I accost you, --- Blood and Death, Sir, you lye --- Then you must say,

lay, --- Dear Sir, *Pardonnez moi*, you must needs lye under some Mistake. ---

Vau. Excellent, I'gad! --- Lye under a Mistake --- So by a genteel double *Entendre*, and a *Pardonnez moi* — the Lye comes home to him again. Ha, Ha, Ha,

Airy. I'gad, just so — Then comes he up to me, more fiercely than before — How, Sir, Not take the Lye — Then take that — [*Gives VAUNTER a great Box on the Ear.*]

Vau. Demme! JACK, That was a little too hard.

Airy. 'Twas only to shew you.

Vau. Well, What must I do then?

Airy. Why, Ask my Pardon —

Vau. Your Pardon! Geddemme, what! for striking me!

Airy. Aye, Aye, 'tis civil — I'gad, nothing can be more civil.

Vau. That's true too — And Begad, 'tis carrying Civility as far as 'twill go. But now, after all, suppose this Note should not come from LUCINDA?

Airy. It must, it shall, and can come from nobody else.

Vau. Your Reason, dear, Barones, your Reason.

Airy. Why — Because she is the prettiest Woman in Town; And I, — tho, I say it my self, — am the prettiest Fellow. [*Admiring himself.*]

Vau. Have a Care of that, dear JOHN. One of the prettiest Fellows, if you please. [*Admiring himself in the same manner.*]

Airy. Sir, I say — The Prettiest Fellow — [*Turning short upon him, half-drawing.*]

Vau. Sir, I say — You iye — [*Encountering in the same manner.*]

Airy. You mistake me, Mr. VAUNTER. [*After a short Pause, puting-up.*]

Vau. You mistake me too, Sir JOHN, if you go to that. [*Putting up likewise.*]

Air. O VAUNTER ! Thou art coupled with a Puppy, who carries Anger, as the Amber, Sweets : which chaf'd by Rubbing, breathes a warm Perfume ; and cooling, smells no more.

Vau. O AIRY ! Did I ever think to see the Day ! — [*Half crying. — Wiping his Eyes.*]

But we are Friends again — [*Shake Hands.*]
Now tell me calmly, Did'st ever speak to her ?

Airy. Speak to her — Ha, Ha, Ha — Speak to her — No. If all those mute Accomplishments, which form and adorn a pretty Fellow are incapable of Moving, what signifies Speaking ? When did'st thou know a Man, with no other Qualification to recommend him, but Discourse, well receiv'd by the Ladies ? I have play'd upon the Flute to her, sung to her, and danced with her, Geddemme, for a whole Night ; And never spoke a Word to her.

Vau. And yet thou can'st talk as good Sense as another.

Airy. I'm too well bred to offend the Ladies.

Vau. To talk to a Woman, is one Thing ; To be talk'd of for her, is another : Aye, That's the great Point. To be thought to be happy, creates as much Envy, as being really so : As Men most delight to be praised, where they know themselves to be most defective, there is ten times the Pleasure in being talk'd
of

of for one Woman we never enjoy'd, than for Twenty we have. O, If I could but once bring it about to ruin the Reputation of five or six innocent young Creatures — Lurd! What a pretty Fellow should I be!

[Strutting.]

Airy. There is nothing so easy — Mark me, VAUNTER, — At Church, I sit in the same Pew; At the Play, in the same Box: At the Opera, I am the next Man to her, never failing to lead her out upon all these Occasions. In the Park, I turn as she turns, I go out when she goes out, I drive gently by her Coach, Stop as she stops, Go on softly 'till she drives by again, Then gallop, Beged, 'till I overtake her once more; Ogling all the while like a Devil — Where she alights, there I alight too; and, I gad, she never makes a Visit, but I am Up-stairs as soon as She. The World takes Notice of these Assiduities; My Happiness is whisper'd in every Assembly: My Friends give me Joy of my Success, which I receive with — O Ged! Why should any Body think so? What could she see in me? This Town is a strange Place! — A Man can do nothing in secret — Beged, I took all the Pains in the World — But these silly Women are always betraying themselves — And thus, Geddemme, half-avowing, and half-denying, I palm myself upon a Woman — Ha, Ha, Ha.

Vau. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Airy. Well, dear VAUNTER, whatever there may be in this Adventure, Thou shalt have thy Share in it — There is no true Joy without thee.

Vau. This Kindness quite overcomes me. But, dear JACK, how could you say the prettiest Fellow?

Airy. Did I say the prettiest Fellow? Sure I did not.

Vau. Indeed, you did. [*Wiping his Eyes.*]

Airy. I meant only — as pretty a Fellow. An unlucky Accident, this Morning, put me out of Humour — My *Arlequin* is lost —

Vau. Your *Arlequin* lost! I wonder you did not stick me when I provok'd you so. [*Crying.*]

Airy. Well, we will drown that Thought in a Flask of *Champain*.

Vau. Dear, dear *AIRY*, — Upon my Soul — you are the prettiest Fellow! —

Airy. Not I, Not I, — Dear *VAUNTER*, — 'Tis you, 'Tis you. [*Embrace, and kifs.*]

Two Women mask'd, crossing the Stage.

1st. Wom. Sir *JOHN AIRY* for my Money.

2d. Wom. Mr. *VAUNTER* for mine.

Vau. Demme, *JACK*, I think they nam'd us?

Airy. They passing, cast at us a side-long Glance — [*Accosting them*] Permit us, Ladies, to have the Honour to say, This Custom of assassinating Hearts in Masquerade, is, by no means, Fair Play — It is like —

1st. Wom. What is it like, Sir *JOHN*?

Airy. It is like — a dark Lanthorn, Beged.

1st. Wom. A dark Lanthorn, Sir *JOHN*?

Airy. That which guides you to give the Stroke, blinds us from seeing who gives it.

1st. Wom. Prettily imagined. And politely brought off.

2d. Wom. Indeed, Mr. *VAUNTER*, you don't know me.

Vau.

Vau. In Spight of the Cloud which conceals the bright Beams of the Sun, his warm Influence is the same: Your Ladyship is to be known, — Geddemme — Like the Coast of *Arabia* by the *Aromatick* Smell.

1st. Wom. Hi, Hi, Hi.

2d. Wom. Hi, Hi, Hi.

[*Run out laughing.*]

Vau. They fly but to be pursued.

Air. “ In Love, the Victors from the Vanquish’d fly —

Vau. “ They fly that wound, and they pursue who die.

[*Exeunt, following the Masks.*]

S C E N E III.

BELLAMOUR, ANGELICA.

Bel. Your Cousin might have saved you this Errant: An unseasonable Dun, when we have nothing to spare, is as vexatious in Love, as in Money-Matters.

Ang. You own you loved her once; And it is by that Love she now conjures you, by me, not to give Way to any other Passion, which must load You with Perjury, and Her with Misery.

Bel. I should be sorry to make a Lady miserable: But if to change a Mistress is Perjury, Who is innocent?

Ang. What Reason can you give for your Change?

Bel. Faith, none at all. --- Our present Inclinations
are

are our Masters : We wander but as our Stars lead us ; If they are false Lights, and lead us out of the Way, let them answer for it. It was my Fortune to see ANGELICA, and to love her ; It was my Fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her : What is there New in all this ? I confess, she has Beauty, and Wit, and Vertue, every Thing that might fix Inclination, if Inclination was to be fix'd : But, alas ! is there any Thing in this World but what is mortal ? Merit, and Fortune, have been ever at Variance.

Ang. Fortune can never side with Falshood and Perjury.

Bel. You mistake Fortune --- Fortune is, as it were, an Hospital for Villany and Folly ; where all are provided for, whom Nature has maimed, or disfigured : Mark every raw, unpolish'd Cub you meet, you will find him some Minion of Fortune : And every crooked, ill-favour'd Hag, 'tis odds, but she is some distinguish'd Fortune. The Children of this World have different Portions, some are Wise, some have Wit, some are Brave, some have Beauty ; but where Merit is deny'd, Fortune provides : Fortune is the Cordial Drop, prescribed by Providence, to comfort the Worthless, and Undeserving, for the Severity and Unkindness of Nature.

Ang. Is this Sermon all the Comfort she is to expect from you ?

Bel. I would not deal ungently with a Lady whom I once loved, and shall always respect : Choose the softest Terms you please, and advise her as a Friend, to forget One, who cannot help owning himself unworthy of Her.

Ang.

Ang. What you say to me, is the same Thing as if you said it to herself: If I can make her hate you,-- depend upon it, I will.

Bel. Not hate me, I would not have her hate me: Tho' I cease to be her Lover, I shall always be her Friend.

Ang. Her Friend!

Re-enter AIRY and VAUNTER.

Airy. Were ever Men so mistaken! — The very Refuge of the Land of *Drury* — Beged!

Vau. Pox on't — would I had my Similes again: Never were the Beams of the Sun, and the Spice of *Arabia*, so ill bestow'd.

Airy. Ha! Bride-groom of the World, Friend *BELL.* my Dear, when is the Grand Operation to be perform'd? To Have and to Hold for Life, what another may divert himself with for a Quarter of an Hour, without any Tye, is a more agreeable Amusement, Beged, for one's Neighbour than one's self.

Vau. Is the Man possess'd? To condemn himself for all the Days and Nights of his Life to one Body! To be bound never to change her, tho' she change never so much, tho' she grow never so old, so stinking, or ill-favoured. Phogh! [*They hover about him,* He shifting furlily to get away

Ang. A sober Man, like Thee, to change his Life!

What Fury would possess thee with a Wife?

Art thou of every other Death bereft?

No Knife, no Rats-bane, no kind Halter left?

As my Friend *DRYDEN* has it.

Vau.

Vau. Do not you know? Geddemme, Let a Woman be never so much an Angel before Enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards.

Airy. But, perhaps, the poor Dog has a Mind to a Son and Heir, and to see himself growing up, in a little Monkey-fac'd Representative. But hark'e, Friend BELL. Take this Saying of another Poet's along with you —

*Tho' SOLOMON with a Thousand Wives,
To get a wife Successor, strives;
But one — and he a Fool, survives.* }
Geddemme!

Bel. Fools and Puppies!

[*Breaks thro' 'em, and Exit.*]

Airy. Ha, Ha, Ha, — Art thou gall'd, *Old Matrimony*?

Vau. We have fir'd him I'faith —

Ang. Just as if a Lion should be baited by Baboons.

Enter Sir TOBY and PHILABEL.

Sir Toby. Well, my little Friend, how has thy Crotchet succeeded? Here is Colonel PHILABEL newly arrived, to make a Third with us.

Air. No Company like Five — If you knew the Pains VAUNTER and I have taken, to break from the Ladies, to come to Thee again — No less than two Duchesses in Vizard-Masks.

Vau. No bragging, dear JACK; One of them, you know, was but a Countess.

Airy.

Airy. Peereffes, Peereffes — All three Peereffes of the Realm.

Ang. In Buckram Dominô's —

Airy. No, No — Like *Luna* in a Veil — I never name Names — But provided it may go no farther — Hark'e, *TOBY*, in your Ear.

Sir Toby. Keep your Distance — The Breath of a rotten Beau smells farther than a Wedding, or a Brick-Kiln : Nothing can out-stink it but his Scandal.

Airy. Thou'rt always so plaguy witty — But let that pass — What Fool, dost think, we have been rallying to Death ?

Sir Toby. I see no Fool, here, but *VAUNTER*, and thyself.

Airy. Thou'lt make me angry one Time or other — Geddemme ! with these true Jest.

Sir Toby. Geddemme ? — Thou dar'ft not be angry —
[*Lifting his Cane at him.*]

Airy. Nay, dear *TOBY*, no Man alive, you know, is more your humble Servant.

Sir Toby. Odzooks, when I have such Servants, they shall be known by their broken Heads.

Vau. Well, for a dry Joak, or a quick Repartee, may I never say a witty Thing again, if I believe Old *TOBY* has his Fellow.

Ang. We have, indeed, had excellent Sport —

Air. By your Leave, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, *BELLAMOUR* has been here, under the Rose be it spoken, my Cuckold *in futuribus* ; For, as you know, and as all the World knows, for if it was a Secret no body could know ; and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme, if I know — Upon these

these Occasions I am always — Mum — But Women are strange indiscreet Things — A Man can't be always stopping their Mouths — Geddemme —

Vau. He speaks like an Angel — Beged !

Airy. As I was saying then — This same BELLA-MOUR is to be marry'd to LUCINDA, Lady DORIMEN's Niece. Now — This LUCINDA — If I might be permitted to say it — Hum — Ha —

[*Admiring himself with ridiculous Airs.*]

Vau. Aye, Beged, — *Litera Scripta manet* — There's Latin for you, Old Rust.

[*Clapping Sir TOBY on the Back.*]

Sir Toby. And there's *English* for you, Young Brags.

[*Strikes him with his Cane.*]

Phil. Why ! you conceited Puppies —

[*His Hand upon his Sword.*]

Sir Toby. Moths, Caterpillars, Vermin ! —

[*Still beating them.*]

Airy. You mistake us, Gentlemen, Beged.

Vau. No Men alive are more your humble Servants —

[*Run out.*]

Phil. How unhappy are Women, whose Fame depends upon the Breath of such Fools !

Ang. Methinks, Gentlemen, you are very rough with pretty Fellows.

Sir Toby. Pretty Fellows ! I liv'd in the Plague, and was less afraid of Pestilence, than of the familiar Impertinence of a pert, modern Beau. The Foplings of my Time were well-bred Coxcombs : Good-Manners, like Charity, will cover a Multitude of Faults : I hate a busy, sawcy, pragmatical, unmannerly Puppy.

Phil. Pretty Fellows do you call 'em ? Pretty Apes !
Pretty

Pretty Baboons! Creatures, so out of the Way of Nature, they might be shewn at Wakes and Fairs, for Monsters. Are these your fine Gentlemen? Tell me, Sir TOBY, are none of the old Stock remaining? It is to be hop'd, at least, that the Fair Sex have escaped Degenerating.

Sir Toby. Let us descant, my Friend, as we please upon the Past, and the Present; Mankind has been, and will be, ever the same: With some little Variation, as Fashions may change, there will be always the same Men; Minions, who suck with insatiable Thirst, from the Fountain of Favour, 'till swelling, like Sponges, beyond what they can hold, the Hand of Envy gives them a hearty Squeeze — And, Goodnight Sponge. Devotees without Piety, Friends without Friendship, Wits without Sense, Men of Honour without Virtue, Patriots without Principles — Odzooks! halt there — or my Wit may prove — without Judgment.

Phil. The Ladies, Sir TOBY, — The Ladies!

Sir Toby. Angels, Angels! — Odzooks, all Angels! The Vertuous set us heavenly Examples; The Kind give us heavenly Joys.

“ On this one only Blessing Heav'n might raise,

“ In Lands of *Atheists*, Subsidies of Praise.

Odzooks.

Phil. I know, Sir TOBY, no Man alive has study'd the Sex more than you.

Sir Toby. No, Sir, Nor enter'd deeper — Let me tell you.

Phil. As I find LUCINDA, I shall judge of the rest

rest — But I have heard some odd Stories in my Absence.

CLEVER *appearing*.

Sir Toby. See an Informer for your Purpose, Mrs. CLEVER can give you the best Intelligence of that. For my Part, I am no Teller of Tales.

Clev. Noble Colonel, Welcome from the Camp.

Phil. My old Friend, Mrs. CLEVER, I am overjoy'd to see you — I was just enquiring after your young Lady: They tell me, I am returned in good Time to dance at her Wedding.

Clev. At her Wedding! — That's just as you please. This Note will better inform you.

[*PHIL. reads.*] “ *Be not surpriz'd at any Discourse you may hear of me in Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be glad to find no Alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this Evening at my Aunt's. This is her Day. — Adieu.* ”

[*Speaks.*] If this Return is sincere, how came BELLAMOUR so well received in my Absence?

Clev. Why, Don't you know, the best-received are not always the most welcome; and the Civilities a Lady may outwardly shew to one Man, may be meant to cover private Correspondence with another? BELLAMOUR! No, No, she'll have none of your BELLAMOURS.

Ang. [aside] Fortune, I adore thee — There needs
no

no Skill to play these Cards — But one Trick more, and the Game's my own,

Sir Toby. What say you, Mrs. CLEVER, to my little Friend here? He's most desperately in Love with Lady DORIMEN.

Clev. That's desperate indeed — Alas! Widows have Beef-Stomachs: Such a Chick is not half a Mouth-full. In one Hour more, my Lady will be ready, you may then make your Visit. She expects you, Sir TOBY, a little before, at her Toilet. [*Going.*

Phil, Dear CLEVER, tell my charming LUCINDA, I have never ceased to adore her; and will not fail to throw myself at her Feet, since I have her Leave for it.

Ang. As much a Chick as you take me to be, your Lady shall find me a true Cock of the Game — And so you may tell her.

Clev. Alack! Alack! Believe me, young Gentleman, such tender Tit-Bits can only serve for a little picking at the last Course, after one has had a substantial Bellyful before. And so, Your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Well said, CLEVER, Thou know'st the Difference betwixt a Sur-loin, and a Sweet-Bread.

Phil. Now let's adjourn where I may shift this rusty Camp-Equipage; and fit myself for Love, and the Ladies.

“ Thus, Hero-like, we from the Wars remove,

“ To crown our Toils, and still that Crown is Love.

The END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady DORIMEN at her Toilet, finishing her Dress: Waiting-Women, Pages, Valets de Chambres attending, all employ'd in some Way, or other. Women with Stuffs, China-Ware, &c.

Enter CLEVER.

Clever. **S**IR TOBY, Madam, is just coming up :
Your Visitants will surprize you before
you are ready.

1st. Wom. Be pleas'd to dismiss us, Madam, before
Sir TOBY comes up.

2d. Wom. We had rather lose our Money, than be
exposed to his Redicule. [*Packing up their Bundles.*]

Enter Sir TOBY.

Sir Toby. *Th'adorning Thee with so much Art,
Is but a barbarous Skill ;
'Tis like the poysoning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.*

What ! always these Pedlars at your Toilet !

1st Wom.

1st Wom. Pedlars ! No more than your Worship's a Pimp, if you go to that —

Sir Toby. The Orange-Women swear they'll pull out your Eyes, since a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more secure than at the Bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

2d Women. You'd have the whole Trade to your self, would you? Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. CLEVER discharge us.

L. Dor. Give them their Money : My Purse is upon the Table. But hark you, Mrs. *Janoway*, for the future, bring me nothing but right *Indian* — I abominate your *Dutch* Trumpery.

Wom. Thank you, Kind Madam.

[Exeunt with their Bundles.]

L. Dor. Set Sir TOBY a Chair — And wait within Call.

Servants retire : Sir TOBY sits : Lady DORIMEN during the Conversation adjusting herself, from time to time, before her Glass.

Sir Toby. Your little Gamester, Madam, will be here instantly : He is so charmed with your Ladyship, Faith, if you are not merciful, the poor Thing will pine, and die.

L. Dor. It is much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. Let those die who are not worth saving. But this is the gentlest Youth, as tender, and loving, as your Bird ; and it would be as much Pity he should come to any Harm.

L. Dor.

L. Dor. He is— so very young.

Sir Toby. Why, so much the better, you may train him, and instruct him in your own Way; And as he grows up, you will find him improve upon your Hands.

L. Dor. But these young Things are at first so—I don't know how— so awkward— one is so put to it.

Sir Toby. Ways, and Means must be used: An insinuating Glance with the Eye, a gentle Squeeze by the Hand, or so: Adzooks! If Women, thro' Affectation; and Men, thro' Respect, keep at Distance; how the Devil should they ever come together? Come, come, this is an Age of Improvement? The Ladies know better Things.

L. Dor. I blush for the Follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Then there is the Secret of Secrets, The never-failing Elixir of Love—

L. Dor. Elixir of Love! Heavens! What's that? Pray Sir TOBY, keep within Bounds.

Sir Toby. Adzooks, Madam, I can hold my Tongue.

L. Dor. No, no, What is it? Lord, don't you be so peevish.

Sir Toby. Then, this Secret of Secrets, is the Golden Specifick, called a Pension, or settl'd Salary. Its Operations are wonderful; It fixes Inconstancy itself: Every Man is true to his Interest, whatever he would be to his Mistress.

L. Dor. I hope your Friend, Sir TOBY, is none of those mercenary Creatures.

Sir Toby. I don't say he is: But, now and then, a Diamond-Ring, or a Gold Snuff-Box, are pretty Provocatives.

L. Dor.

L. Dor. Can Men of Quality give themselves up so odiously for Money? O horrid!

Sir Toby. Excuse me, Madam, from telling you all that Men of Quality will do for Money.

Enter Page.

Page. Colonel PHILABEL, and a young Gentleman with him, are below, enquiring for Sir TOBY.

Sir Toby. [*rising.*] I'll go down, and entertain them, 'till you are ready to receive your Company. I must ask your Pardon afterwards for one Half-hour — I have another small Affair upon my Hands. —

L. Dor. You are always employ'd in some charitable Office: But before you come: It will be an empty Circle without you.

[*Rising from her Toilet.*

[*Exit Sir TOBY.*

CLEVER, give me one of my last new Fans — No, not that — Another — Aye, this.

Clever. What shall we do with Sir JOHN, Madam? he had your Note as directed.

L. Dor. I had forgot that, in the Hurry of this new Inclination — Why — Keep him in Play, or dismiss him, as Accidents may happen — This Young Thing may commit Over-sights.

Clever. True, Madam — Youth has its Inconveniencies, as well as its Conveniencies — When the House is on Fire — The more Buckets the better.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, and DORINDA: CONSTANTIA *seeming in Courtship with them all.*

Const. *Joy salutes me when I set
My blest'd Eyes on AMORET;
But with Wonder I am struck,
When I on the Others look.*

How is it possible to choose One, when All are engaging alike? When I incline to the Prudence, and nice Honour of DIANA, MELISSA interposes, with a Grace and an Air, which no Mortal can resist: And, when MELISSA gets Ground, MIRANDA confounds me with the Frankness of her Humour, and her un-affected Sincerity: And so on to the charming DORINDA, who with one Glance of her bright Eyes, can turn my fleeting Heart which Way she pleases.

Dor. Sure Cupid shot the Gentleman with a Blunderbuss! — Four such dreadful Wounds could never have been made with a Dart.

Dia. I profess, I blush to propose such an Expedient as a — *Tête à Tête* — But I vow and protest — Tho' I am almost ashamed to name it — The likeliest Way
to

to know his Mind really, and truly — Would be to discourse with him — in particular.

Mel. Upon my Honour, Sister DI — has observ'd with great Penetration — The Gentleman might be more direct if we took our Turns to be alone with him in private.

Const. [*aside*] Marry, Heavens forbid !

Dor. Fye, Sisters, sure your Prudence and nice Honour would never permit you, really, and truly, to be left alone with a Man.

Dia. Really, and truly, you are superlatively confident — It would become you, not to forget the Respect due to an elder Sister.

Mir. [*bluntly*] Look'e, Sister DI — You are always harping upon Seniority — But you'd be loth I shou'd tell — really, and truly — how old you are.

Dia. [*furiously*] Get you gone, Hussy — To your Nurfery — Go.

Mir. [*sings*] *Ancient Phyllis has young Graces.*

Const. I beseech you, Ladies, let this Debate go no farther — I have an Expedient ready, to satisfy all. Here are four Notes directed to each of you ; Three of them are Blanks, the Fourth is the Benefit-Ticket. These you shall deliver to your Brother the Moment I am gone, who shall tell you my Mind, sparing me the Confusion.

Dia. No, No, — Upon Honour — I will be satisfied no other Way but by Word of Mouth.

Mir. [*bluntly, after her usual Way mocking her.*] E'en let her have it by Word of Mouth — If he but look in her Mouth, he will find the Mark worn out:

He had need of good Teeth for such a tough Bit — really, and truly —

Dia. I'll make an Example of you — Huffy, — I will — I will —

[*DIANA flying furiously at her — MIRANDA takes an Orange out of her Pocket, and stands in a Posture of Defiance.*

Mir. Touch me if you dare — If you dare. —

Const. [*interposing*] Dear *DIANA*, be satisfied. [*To her apart*] How simply they will all look, when it appears you are the Person!

Dia. Well *Mr. COURTALL*, you will have your own Way — [*Takes the Notes, smiling, as satisfied.*

Const. *MIRANDA*, be pacify'd. [*Aside to her.*] In this little Bit of Paper you will find enclosed my very Heart and Soul.

Mir. To the charming *MIRANDA* — O Charming! Charming!

[*Reading the Superscription, kisses the Note, and jumps, overjoy'd, putting it in her Bosom.*

Const. *MELISSA*, this is yours. [*aside to her*] Keep it safe: Beware of Counterfeits —

[*Squeezing her by the Hand, then turns aside to DOR.* Lovely! *DORINDA* — [*aside*] Tho' last, not least — The Prize of Beauty can be only yours.

Aloud. "How hardly does this Tyrant Custom bind,

"Forc'd to choose ONE, to ALL alike inclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*
S C E N E

S C E N E III.

An Apartment at Lady DORIMEN's, illuminated according to Custom: Chairs placed in Order for Visitors: Servants waiting at a Distance. Mrs. CLEVER, and a Page, standing at a Tea-Table, serving Tea. Several other Tables set out for Gaming. Some of the Visitors attentive to the Musick, others at Play. When the Musick ceases, they disperse, and go off without Ceremony, some one Way, and some another.

L. DORIMEN, LUCINDA, ANGELICA, PHILABEL, seated, drinking Tea, and attentive to the Musick.

A Short CONCERT, Vocal and Instrumental

S O N G.

I.

CLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender;
How might such killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her!

D 2

II.

II.

*But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
With liberal Hand to please us !
Has to her Boundless Beauty join'd
A Boundless Bent to ease us.*

The Musick ceasing.

Ang. " Musick so softens, and disarms the Mind,
" That not one Arrow can Resistance find.

L. Dor. You are a Wit, I perceive, Sir.

Ang. If my Wit were to be measur'd by my Respect for your Ladyship, I might very justly set up for one of the First Rate.

L. Dor. So young a Flatterer !

Ang. You are so secure from Flattery, Madam : The Difficulty lies in doing you Justice.

L. Dor. Men are such Dissemblers !

Enter Page.

Page. My Lady SILENCE, Madam.

Enter Lady SILENCE : Lady DORIMEN rises to receive her.

L. Dor. A Fauteuil for Lady SILENCE.

[Lady SILENCE takes her Place, and sits in a stiff, formal Way, without saying a Word.

A

A Pause — looking at one another for a little time.

Luc. A Pinch of your Snuff, Mr. PHILABEL.

Phil. At your Service, Madam.

L. Dor. Will your Ladyship drink any Tea?

L. Sil. [*bluntly*] It gives me the Cholick, Madam.

[*Another Pause.*]

L. Dor. Mr. PHILABEL, you us'd to be well-inform'd: What new Diversions may be preparing for the Town?

Phil. I am but a New-comer, Madam, I have been told of a Society of Prudes, who meet upon certain Days for the Reformation of Manners, in Opposition to a Female Club of a contrary Character. The first Point under Consideration, was, How to suit our Language to the Modesty of the Fair Sex, by retrenching such Syllables in certain Words, Names, or Titles, as might bear an immodest Interpretation.

L. Dor. A Dictionary of that Kind might be of great Help: I must needs say, I have been often put to the Blush at the Pronunciation of certain Words.

Phil. Another important Abuse under Correction is, the Nudities upon Fans, which enflame the Imagination, at the same Time that they refresh the Face.

Luc. Ridiculous Creature!

L. Dor. I know a Lady, who shall be nameless, whose Fans are always painted with filthy, naked Figures; and yet is so scrupulous, she would not, for the World, be seen in *Chelsea-Reach* upon a Summer's Evening. My Lady SILENCE, is not this true?

[*Lady SILENCE only answering with an affected*
D 3 *Smile,*

*Smile, rises to take her Leave : Lady DORIMEN
offering to conduct her.*

L. Sil. Not a Step farther, Madam.

L. Dor. I beseech you, Madam.

L. Sil. You forbid me your House, Madam.

L. Dor. If you command me, Madam.

Page. Lady SILENCE's Servants. —

[Exit Lady SILENCE.

L. Dor. " Silence more dreadful than severest Sounds.

[Returning to her Seat --- Re-enter Page.

Page. Lady PRATE-APACE, Madam.

*Enter Lady PRATE-APACE, who runs in a Hurry to
Lady DORIMEN, saluting her on both Cheeks, ---
Then throws herself with a negligent Air, into a
Fauteuil.*

L. Prate. Let me die, my Dear, if I thought to
find you at Home --- How came you not to be at the
New Play?

L. Dor. You know, Madam ---

L. Prate. Yes, Madam, I know this is your Day--
But upon so extraordinary an Occasion! ---

Luc. Is there any Thing so extraordinary, Madam,
in a New Play?

L. Prate. Dear LUCINDA! --- When is the Nup-
tial Scene to be open'd? Let me die, if there can be
any Thing so immodest, as this Lawful Way, as they
call it, of putting a Woman to Bed to a Man, with so
much Ceremony, and Noise: The harmless, inno-
cent Creature, who follows Inclination, silently, quietly,
and

and naturally, with some dear Man, whom she loves more than her Life, is loaded with a thousand Reproaches, and Censures: But the confident Thing, who is not ashamed to be dress'd-out, and led forth publickly, like a Beast for Sacrifice, to join Hands with some filthy Fellow, whom in her Heart, she abhors, is respected, and honour'd. To make one's self happy, is called, throwing one's self away: To make one's self miserable, is acting the prudent Part --- Let me die, if any thing can be so unnatural, inconsistent, and preposterous!

Phil. The great Heiress, who suffers herself to be sold by her Guardians to some rich, over-grown Booby, for all her Life long, is dignify'd with the virtuous Title of Wife: The miserable Girl, who has no Portion but some small Stock of Beauty, and is forced, by meer Necessity, to sell herself but for a Quarter of an Hour — is, God knows what!

L. Prate. Spoke, let me die, like a Man of Honour and Conscience — who has some — Religion — in him. I take it mortally ill, Mr. PHILABEL, to meet you here in a third Place before I had seen so much as your Name upon my List — You have made a glorious Campaign — I knew 'twould be so when once we had an *English* General to lead *English* Valour — Let me die, Madam, I never saw so pretty a Stuff — *French* to be sure — *Gautier*, or *Galpin*.

L. Dor. Entirely *English*, Madam. I can content myself with what my own Country affords.

L. Prate. O Fye, Madam! -- You shall never persuade me -- You can have so ill a Taste. Mrs. *What-do-you-call-'em* -- Pray favour me with a Dish of Tea.

Clev. [aside] 'Tis Time she should have something to stop her Mouth.

[Brings her a Dish of Tea: In receiving it she drops her Fan; in catching to save it, the Cup is spilt in her Lap.]

L. Prate. O Gad!

L. Dor. I am sorry, Madam —

L. Prate. Nothing, Nothing, Madam -- Tea never stains -- Another Cup, if you please. *[Wiping herself.]*

[They bring her another Cup, which she sips between whiles, as she goes on in Speaking.]

But as I was saying -- The Play, Ladies, the Play -- There will be excellent Diversion -- A strong Party is engag'd to cry it down -- 'Tis given out -- the Author is a Mal-content, and, Good or Bad -- down it must go -- And that he is impertinent -- upon the Ladies, and the Government; -- What have these scribbling Puppies to do with the Follies -- of Women -- or Ministers? --- Are there not ridiculous Things enough in the World -- to expose, -- without meddling with them.

Luc. Perhaps, Madam, all this may be meer Malice. It seems a little cruel, to resolve before-hand to condemn a poor Author before his Cause is brought to a fair Hearing.

Ang. We spread ourselves in different Divisions, all over the House; some in the Pit, some in the Boxes; others in the Galleries; sometimes whistling, sometimes

times finging ; always noisy, till the Audience is in an Uproar : Some laugh, and clap ; Some hiss, and are angry : Swords are drawn : The Actors interrupted : The Ladies scream : The Scene's broke off — And, the Play sent to the Devil.

[*Lady PRATE-APACE having gazed eagerly upon ANGELICA all the while she was speaking.*

L. Prate. [*aside.*] Let me die ! — A charming Boy ! Pray Sir, how came I never to have seen your Face before ?

Ang. My Misfortune, Madam.

L. Prate. I beseech you, Sir, — Let me ask you -- you talk so learnedly of the Stage — Did you ever write ?

Ang. A Sonnet, or so Madam. My humble Muse never pretends to rise higher than from the Shadow of a Lady's Hoop, to the Sun-shine of her bright Eyes.

L. Prate. Shadow, and Sun-shine ! very pretty, let me die ! Come then, sing me one of those Sonnets of your own making.

ANG. sings : Addressing herself to Lady PRATE-APACE.

S O N G.

*So well Corinna likes the Joy,
She vows, she'll never more be coy,*

D 5

She

*She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure :
 Eternal Draughts do not suffice,
 Ah ! Give me, Give me more, -- she cries,
 'Tis all too little ---- little Measure.*

L. Prate. [repeating.] *So well Corinna likes the
 Joy — Dear charming Joy !*

Ang. But this Way of Sonnets, is an old, beaten,
 worn-out Fashion of Gallantry — A Friend of mine
 has lately brought from *Paris* — A Love-Dance !

L. Prate. Extravagantly new ! The Motions of a
 Love-Dance must needs be superlatively Pathetick,
 and Emphatical.

Ang. For Example, thus —

*[Rises, and puts herself in a Posture of Dancing ;
 Lady PRATE-APACE does the same. The fol-
 lowing Speech to be spoken dancing ; L. PRATE-
 APACE humouring it too, with Motions on her
 Side.*

“ With a soft easie Slide — I make a Step towards
 “ your Heart — Then gently — advancing — with
 “ a languishing Air — I approach you — Thus —
 “ ’Till moving by Degrees — from *Fleurette*, to
 “ *Fleurette* — with a bold — irresistible Capriole —
 “ I leap at once into your Arms.

[Lady PRATE-APACE receives her with open Arms.

L. Prate. O the ravishing Thing ! *Encore — En-
 core —* Come, let’s do that again.

[L. DORIMEN rises with an Air of Uneasiness.

L. Dor.

L. Dor. Give me Leave, Madam, to say, such lively Representations —

L. Prate. Lively, Madam! Let me die, if any Thing can be more killing — O! I could stay for ever with this dear, entertaining, enchanting Creature!

Enter Page.

Page. The Countess of KETTLE-DRUM is below in her Coach, waiting for Lady PRATE-APACE. She desires your Ladyship's Excuse for not coming up, for Fear of being too late for the Play.

L. Prate. I come, I come. *[Exit Page.]*

Phil. The Countess of KETTLE-DRUM!

L. Prate. Where have you lived, not to know the Countess of KETTLE-DRUM? I'll give you her Picture. Tho' her Eyes are no Stars, her Cheeks represent the Full-Moon: She bears two such enormous Globes upon her Breast, as would almost break a Porter's Back: which, when display'd, in full Nakedness, down to her Waist — Let me die — You can scarce tell, if you see her before — or — behind.

Re-enter Page.

Page. The Countess, Madam, is coming up.

L. Prate. So — She comes in Person to finish the rest of the Description — or, rather — To shew, she is not to be described.

Enter

Enter Countess addressing herself, with ridiculous Formality to Lady DORIMEN.

Countess. I presume upon your Ladyship's Candour to excuse the—Impoliteness—of this Intrusion—But I know, when Lady PRATE-APACE's Tongue is in Exercise—

L. Prate. Dear Countess—let me die—I staid only to sound your Praises.

Countess. Well, Well—Are you ready now? As I was saying, Dear Madam, —The Impropriety of this abrupt Intrusion, with no other Circumstance, but to abstract a Person from your Circle—

L. Dor. It would, indeed, have been more obliging, Madam, if your Design had been to have added to it.

Countess. Your Ladyship is so nice a Judge, —and so exact an Observer of all the Consistencies of Decorum—

L. Prate. Countess—In this Embarrass of Civility, you forget you was in Haste.

Countess. If to make you ten Visits for One hereafter, may be any Atonement—

L. Dor. I beseech you, Madam, not to think of it.

Countess. You confound me, Madam, with such unmerited Condescension—[*To L. PRATE.*] Lady PRATE-APACE, Where are you? Dear Madam, let me beseech you not to incommode yourself with looking after us—No Ceremony, Dear Madam, No Ceremony -- This was no Visit—This was no Visit—

[*Waddles*

[Waddles out as fast as she can. Lady PRATE-
APACE, who had been coquetting a Part with
ANGELICA, catches her by the Hand.

L. Prate. New Acquaintance, --- Come, lead me
to the Coach.

[L. DORIMEN catching her by the other Hand.

L. Dor. Your Pardon, Madam, --- Not so neither.

L. Prate. Your Pardon too, Dear Madam.

[Letting go her Hold.

Let me die --- I have mistaken the Carte du Pais. ---

[Aside, hurrying out.

L. Dor. Adieu Tongue --- and Udder --- Was ever
such a giddy, confident Creature seen?

Phil. Or such a monstrous, over-grown Porpoise,
upon dry Ground? Her Sides would yield more Oil
than a Whale.

Luc. As she strain'd for Compliments, the Sweat
ran streaming down her Bosom, like a Rivulet be-
tween two Mountains.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir TOBY TICKLE, Madam, and Mr.
BELLAMOUR.

L. Dor. Bring them in --- But hark'e --- Take
Care that I am now deny'd to every body else.

Enter Sir TOBY, and BELLAMOUR.

Mr. BELLAMOUR, your Servant --- Sir TOBY,
you

you have not been a Man of your Word : You have lost the rarest Diversion !

Sir Toby. We met some Part of it, Madam. The Countess heav'd into her Coach, with little PRATE-APACE by her Side, like the Sign of the Squirrel and Elephant ---Odzooks ! in squeezing in, her Ladyship's Bubbies had like to have broke the Fore-Glass.

ANGELICA *aside to* BELLAMOUR.

Ang. Mr. BELLAMOUR, have you consider'd better upon what we discours'd of this Morning ?

Bel. You had my Answer --- I'll be troubled no more upon that Subject.

Ang. Then thank yourself for the Consequences.

[*Addressing herself to* L. DORIMEN.

The Respect, Madam, which I have for your Ladyship, and my Friend Sir TOBY ---

Bel. Hark'e, Youngster ---

Ang. You know the Conditions ---

Bel. I'll cut your Throat ---

Ang. Well then ---

Bel. Hold ! -- Or, by Heavens --

Ang. By Heavens as much as you please. [Aloud.]

This Gentleman, this very Mr. BELLAMOUR, who now has the Confidence to make his Addressee to this young Lady --

Bel. Well, Sir, what of that ?

Ang. Made the same to a Daughter of your's, Sir TOBY, call'd ANGELICA, whom you may remember to have left, in her Cradle, to the Care of an old Aunt, who is since dead.

Sir

Sir Toby. I remember it well -- To my Shame be it spoken.

Ang. Not Pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths. —

Bel. Vows, and Oaths, are like Counters at Play, we set up with them, but they go for nothing when the Game's over.

Luc. A very decent Declaration! I am glad I know the Value of yours.

Ang. In short, mutual Faith was promis'd, and they were solemnly contracted.

L. Dor. How, contracted! And make Love to my Niece!

Luc. Base Man!

Sir Toby. Young Man, how came you not to tell me this Story before?

Ang. I waited only for an Opportunity to convict him Face to Face, in the Presence of my Lady.

Bel. This Fooling, Sir, shall not pass —

Ang. Just as you please, Sir, for that —

Phil. Stand to your Charge, young Gentleman: Fear no Threats, I am your Friend.

Bel. Who are you, Sir?

[Their Hands upon their Swords.]

L. Dor. No Quarrelling here, I beseech you.

Bel. Well, since it must out — I own it, and where is the Crime? The Change is justify'd by the Temptation. Change, even in Religion, is allow'd, when we are convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it: The Girl shall not be abus'd — The TOBY TICKLES are an ancient, honourable Race: We were here before
your

your Saxons, your Danes, or your Normans : Od-zooks ! The TOBY-TICKLES came in — with the Romans.

L. Dor. Barbarous, perfidious Creature ! Let me never see your Face again in my House — O ! I can't endure him.

Luc. Such horrid Perjury is not to be excus'd.

Bel. After my Vows to you, had I engag'd in a new Passion, you might have accused me with Justice : Now, if I am false, 'tis for your Sake : 'Tis you who make me so : Whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

Luc. Who can be false to one, will be so to another, whenever his Pleasure, or his Interest tempts him.

Bel. Confess the Truth, and lay aside Disguise. This airy, smooth, conceited Thing, this Woman's Trifle, has sung, or danc'd himself into your Heart — Gods ! Gods ! What Appetites have Women ? And who can fix them ? Now, for Men of Sense ; and then, for Coxcombs : Every Thing is refus'd, or goes down, just as the Minute proves which we lay hold of —

Omnes. Ha, Ha, Ha.

[*All Laugh.*]

Bel. What could you see, in this effeminate Thing, to charm you ? There's Woman's Vanity again — She never sees a soft, affected Fop, but she is pleas'd with the Reflection of her own Image ; and admires herself in every Fool that she meets.

Phil. You are rude, Sir.

Bel. Rude ! Sir —

Phil. Aye, rude — Sir — 'That's *Engl:ish*..

Bel.

Bel. You are an Ass, Sir — Or is it your Bully here, — your Colonel —

L. Dor. I can endure this odious Railer no longer : His Noise is got up into my Head : I am ready to die with Vapours — Let us go in, and leave him to rave by himself.

Ang. We wait on your Ladyship.

Bel. [to *Ang.*] I shall find a Time, Sir.

Ang. What Time you please, Sir.

Phil. [to *Bel.*] We shall meet at another Place, Sir.

Bel. Any Place, Sir, whenever you think fit.

Sir Toby. [with the Air of an old Bully.] This Sword, Sir, has fought for Church, and King — I wear it still — You understand me.

Luc. Mr. BELLAMOUR, could you not compose yourself to make one with us in a Party of *Quadrille*? Whenever I have a good Hand, I will be sure to call you for my King.

Bel. I will wish you some Luck, Madam. May you be always flatter'd, and always lose : May you never think you have a sure Game, but be disappointed by a better.

Luc. A little Hellebore would do the Gentleman no Harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, Straw, and Darkness — Odzooks ! The Man's stark mad.

[*Exeunt all but BELLAMOUR.*

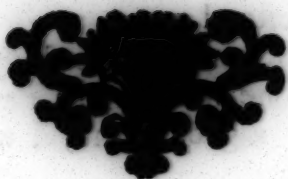
Bel. “ Mankind from *Adam* have been Womens Fools,
“ Women, from *Eve*, have been the Devil's Tools:

“ Heav'n

“Heav’n might have spar’d one Torment when
we fell,

“Not left us Woman, or not threaten’d Hell.

The END of the THIRD ACT.



ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FREDERICK *surrounded by his SISTERS.*

Fred. **P**ATIENCE --- Let none interrupt me --
Where-ever the Lot falls, let the rest be
contented, and silent.

Opens a Note, and reads.

MELISSA *is Beautiful* ---

Mel. I told you so --- I knew 'twas I ---

Fred. Good Sister, forbear.

[*Reads.*] MIRANDA *is Good-humour'd* ---

Mir. That's I, --- That's I ---

[*Jumping.*

Fred. Patience. [*Reads.*] DORINDA *is Adorable*---

But it is DIANA only, who possesses my Heart.

Let none reply --- DIANA's is the Lot.

Mel. DIANA's is a Cheat, a Counterfeit --- He
vow'd to me, he could not endure her: He fore-warn'd
me of Counterfeits --

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written.

Mel. I say, Sister DI's is a Trick.

Dia. I say -- You are a lying, confident Creature.

Fred. MELISSA, be satisfy'd --- There are more
Men besides COURTALL.

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of the Notes for our
common

common Satisfaction -- COURTALL assur'd me, they were all Blanks but mine.

Mir. And me too -- And that his very Heart, and Soul, were mine.

Fred. Any Thing for a quiet Life. This is your's, MELISSA. [*Reads.*] DIANA is Discreet. MIRANDA, &c. DORINDA, &c. But MELISSA only has my Heart --

Mel. Did not I tell you so -- I knew Sister Di's was a Counterfeit.

Dia. 'Tis your's is a Counterfeit -- I'll tear your Eyes out for this Trick.

Mel. You tear my Eyes out!

FREDERICK *interposes.*

Fred. Dear Sisters, be quiet -- I suspect something -- Let me examine the rest -- [*Reads to himself.*] How! How is this! Why, in these he declares, in the same manner, for MIRANDA, and DORINDA --

Mir. A Bite! A Bite! [*Jumping.*

Fred. By Heavens! he shall pay dear for this Abuse.

Mir. For my Part, I don't care the Paring of this Apple for him -- [*Biting an Apple, whilst the rest of the Sisters walk about in a Passion.*

As Brother says -- There be more Men besides He --

Fred. I love his Sister, but not above the Honour of my Family -- I'll teach the young Impostor, what it is to play with the Reputation of Ladies, or fool with a Man of Honour -- Be at Peace among your selves -- And all shall be well.

Dia. If ever I catch him!

Mel. Or, I either!

Mir. O my Stars!

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA.

Ang. Victoria, Victoria! — Turn'd out of Doors — Quite discarded — To have seen how he storm'd, and hector'd; 'twould have made thee die with Laughing.

Const. 'Twas most heroically perform'd, indeed.

Ang. He swore I should give him Satisfaction: And by Heavens, I am ready whenever he dares demand it.

Const. What to fight with him! Fight with a Man!

Ang. Yes — Let me but choose my own Weapon.

Const. But your Widow, my Dear, your Widow -- What Weapon have you for her?

Ang. And your Virgins, my Dear, your Virgins —

Const. Faith! That Matter is by this Time, become serious: I am almost at my Wit's End: I have summon'd my Brother to my Assistance: I expect him this night in Town: I have depended all along upon the Resemblance betwixt us, to set all right at last: To-morrow you shall know more: In the mean time, I leave you to pursue your own Adventures; And so Sir, your humble Servant. I'll go, and consult my Pillow.

[Exit CONSTANTIA.]

A Noise of Fiddles without.

Ang. What's here? Lights, and Fiddles! I begin
to

to be abominably afraid — This Park is a most wicked Place! — Which Way shall I avoid them ?

Enter Sir TOBY, PHILABEL, Fiddlers playing before them, Link-Boys with Lights, and Lanthorns, and a Parcel of Women Park-Strollers.

Sir Toby. Have we caught you, I'faith? -- What eves-dropping under the Widow's Window?

Phil. A Lover can no more go to Bed without breathing some Sighs under his Mistress's Window, than without toasting her Health.

Ang. 'Tis that brings you here -- is it? I think, Colonel, I have clear'd the Coast pretty handsomly for you to Day.

Phil. Like an Angel! -- Let me kiss thee for it.

Ang. Spare your Kisses for LUCINDA. But tell me, Sir TOBY, how could you find in your Heart, a good-natur'd Man as you are, to abandon a poor Girl, in so cruel a manner, to the Wheel of Fortune?

Sir Toby. Faith, Child, I meant it for the best: I committed her to the Care of a discreet, pious Old Lady, who, I was sure would give her a vertuous Education: 'Twas a Soul-saving Design: My Example would but have spoil'd all — It is to be hop'd, she will have the Benefit of it hereafter.

Ang. Have you no Curiosity to see her? Shall I bring her to you, to ask your Blessing?

Sir Toby. Odzooks! with all my Heart: It has been only for Want of some Body to put me in Mind of her, that the poor Girl has been forgotten so long: I have Bowels, Nature is above All — If thou lik'st her thyself,

thyself, let BELLAMOUR be hang'd with his Contract about his Neck. Thou shalt have her, my Boy, and I'll be thy Father.

Ang. If I should take you now at your Word —

Sir Toby. I give thee my Hand upon it here, before Witnesses.

Ang. Hence-forth then, *Papa* be the Word. And I give you my Hand, never to enter between a Pair of Sheets without her? [*Blusteringly*] If ever BELLAMOUR should dare pretend to her again, he shall have to do with me — And that he shall know.

Sir Toby. Spoke like a Lad of Mettle — But if she has the true Blood of the TICKLES, I'll bet upon her Head two to one.

Ang. I defy her, *Papa*, I defy her to out-do me at any Thing.

Phil. Lady DORIMEN I perceive, is destin'd to a Willow-Garland.

Ang. Not so, neither — See what a Challenge she slipt into my Hand at parting.

Sir Toby. Sirrah — Your Lanthorn —

Puts on his Spectacles, and reads.

“ You may wonder at the Confidence I have in you,
“ upon so short an Acquaintance: Think it not an
“ Effect of my Easiness, but your own Merit —
“ When the Company is broke up — you may return
“ alone about Ten. CLEVER shall be ready to re-
“ ceive you at the Back-Door.

Ang.

Ang. Ten is the Shepherd's Hour, *Papa*, — I must give the Signal.

[*Raps gently at the Door.*

Enter CLEVER.

Clever. O, is it you? What a Noise has been here with your Scrapers — I was afraid to peep out of Doors.

Sir Toby. Since when has your Courage fail'd you, — Good Mrs. CLEVER?

Clever. Are you there? Then we shall never have done. Come, -- Come your Ways in.

Ang. By'e, Daddy. [*Exit with CLEVER.*

Sir Toby. Much Good may do these Boys with their great Ladies — Give me an humble, obedient Jade, without Form, or Ceremony: One of these clean white Apron Girls, in her *puris naturalibus*, is worth a Dozen of your stately, painted Madams.

Phil And more easily satisfy'd.

Sir Toby. Come hither, *Jenny* — Hold up thy Head, my Girl — This I intend to qualify for a Lady's Woman: *Judy* shall follow Coaches in *Hyde-Park*, 'till she comes to ride in one of her own: I have Views for them all — Shall I shew thee some of their Perfections? — Advance, little *Judy*, clear thy Pipes, and sing me — *While Phylis is drinking, &c.*

SONG

S O N G.

I.

*While Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance :
By the Touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles higher ;
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.*

II.

*Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour ;
As Flowers, by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour :
Each Dart, dip'd in Wine, gives a Wound beyond curing ;
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.*

III.

*Then Phyllis begin, let our Raptures abound ;
And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round :
Relieving each other, our Pleasures are lasting ;
And we never are cloy'd, yet ever a-tasting.*

CHORUS, Repeat the last Stanza. Then, &c.

*A Grand Dance of Link-Boys and Strollers, with
lighted Torches ; in Ridicule of the Fury-Dance
in one of the French Opera's.*

Sir Toby. Bravo, Bravo! 'Twas thus my great Predecessor, of wanton Memory, the gallant *Anacreon*, pass'd his Days and Nights deliciously between Women and Wine. He was choak'd with a Grape-stone, for which Reason, I never venture but upon the Juice-- Come along, Colonel -- Let the Day break upon our Revels: There is nothing so delightful, as to see *Aurora* at her Toilet.-- Scrapers, strike up --

"That be our only Time to snore,

"When we can laugh, and drink no more.

Huzza, my brave Boys and Girls -- Huzza!

[*Exeunt huzzaing and dancing,
Fidlers playing before them.*]

S C E N E III.

*Lady DORIMEN seated languishingly upon a Sopha.
ANGELICA standing by her.*

L. Dor. To be thus expos'd alone with a Man, may subject the most innocent Intentions to be misconstru'd: But you are too well-bred to take any indecent Advantage.

Ang. Let my Transports express --

[*Offering to embrace her.*]

L. Dor. O Fye -- so young -- and naughty --

[*Affecting to put her off.*]

Ang.

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much Eagerness
to exprefs my Sense of this Favour —

[Retiring.

L. Dor. On Condition you frighten me so no more,
I give you Leave to sit down.

[Taking her by the Hand to sit by her.

Ang. Ah! Madam, — you squeez'd a little too hard —

[Shaking her Fingers.

L. Dor. Lord, how tender you are!

Ang. A thousand Darts are in the least Touch of
that fair Hand — What a Complexion! What
Eyes!

[Gazing upon her.

L. Dor. Don't you look upon me so — Lord,
you are the strangest Man — I hate to be look'd
upon so — I never look'd so ill in my Life.

Ang. You never were so charming — Am I Flesh
and Blood? Am I a Man, Madam?

[Offering again to embrace her.

L. Dor. Indeed, Sir, I don't know: But I hope,
you mean no Incivility.

[Again putting her off.

Ang. If you knew me, Madam — You would not
suspect me. — [retiring] But if, by any unseasonable
Transport —

L. Dor. Not at all unseasonable, Sir. [Approaching.

Ang. The Violence of my Passion —

[Retiring: And still as she retires,
the other approaches.

L. Dor. I perceive nothing like Violence, Sir, —

Ang. When Temptation, and Opportunity, meet
so strongly —

[Retiring.

L. Dor. When Temptation is strong — [following]
You wicked Men are for losing no Opportunity.

Ang. There are, indeed, such wicked Creatures in the World — [*retiring*] But rather than fall under your Ladyship's Displeasure —

L. Dor. Displeasure! Lord, what does the Man mean? Who talks of Displeasure? [*peevishly*] I only say, there are Men, who often Offend for fear of Offending: And others, who will run any Risk of Offending, rather than lose a good Opportunity — But you — I perceive — are none of those.

Ang. Not I, Madam — Indeed, not I —

[*Still retiring.*]

Lady DORIMEN seizes her fast by the Arm; affecting a sudden Disorder.

L. Dor. Help me, help me, Dear Sir.

Ang. Lord, Madam! what ails you? [*Frighten'd.*]

L. Dor. A sudden Swimming — all over me —

Ang. Are you often troubled thus?

L. Dor. O! often, — often, — very often —

Ang. What's to be done, Madam?

L. Dor. Have you no Salts about you, Sir? No Salts —

Ang. None, Madam — Let me go, and I'll call for Help.

L. Dor. Can't you do it yourself?

Ang. With all my Heart, Madam — If I had any Thing to do it withal —

[*Lady DORIMEN letting go her Hold, and thrusting her roughly from her, rises in a Passion.*]

L. Dor. Provoking Ignorance! Insufferable Stupidity! CLEVER, where are you? [*Calling aloud.*]

Enter

Enter CLEVER.

Clever. Lord, Madam, what's the Matter?

L. Dor. The Matter! [*Walking about in a Passion.*]

Clever. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing — NOTHING — to my Lady.

Clev. NOTHING! The very worst Thing you could have done.

BELLAMOUR's Voice without.

Bel. I will see her — I will not be deny'd —

Ang. As I live BELLAMOUR's Voice -- I thought, Madam, you had forbidden him your House.

L. Dor. All Men are not such Fools to mind every Thing we forbid.

Ang. Lord, Madam, 'twas your own Fault — You frighten'd me out of my Senses.

Bel. Open the Door — Or I'll break it open.

L. Dor. Run, CLEVER — Stop him, — and carry him up the Back-way to my Niece — He is brutal enough in his Passion to commit any Outrage.

Ang. Is there no Way to be rid of him, but by sending him up to your Niece? I have taken that Aversion to this BELLAMOUR, that, to be plain with you, Madam, either He, or I, must never come within your Doors.

L. Dor. There's no Help for it now: But, after this Night he shall never more be admitted.

Ang. You promise me that?

L. Dor. This impertinent Interruption is new Guilt.

Ang. But, suppose he should reconcile himself to your Niece.

L. Dor. No — Let him go back to his ANGELICA, if she is Fool enough to receive him.

Ang. Alas! I fear she is.

[aside.]

Curst Interruption! To come just at this Time — This Nick of Time! --Or-- dear charming Creature-- *[Taking her passionately by the Hand]* We might yet -- But To-morrow all may be mended.

L. Dor. To-morrow! *[Scornfully turning away.]*

Ang. I bar any more of these Fits.

L. Dor. I stand corrected. *[returning kindly]* Well then, *[giving her Hand]* Remember To-morrow.

Ang. By this fair Hand —

[Kisses her Hand, and Exit.]

L. Dor. To-morrow! Fool, not to know the Value of the present Moment.

Enter CLEVER.

L. Dor. Well, CLEVER, was not I in the right, to provide against Accidents? How have you managed with Sir JOHN?

Clever. As you directed, Madam: I kept him, and another Gentleman in Play, who came with him, till I heard you call: (having often heard your Ladyship say, two were better than one) *[a low Courtesy]* But when I return'd, to look for them again--They were escap'd.

L. Dor. Fool! Idiot! Eternal Blunderer. *[In a Passion.]*
Clever.

Clever. Lord, Madam, how have I deserv'd this Treatment? [*crying*] The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed. [*Wiping her Eyes.*]

L. Dor. I ask thy Pardon -- My Mind, indeed is so ruffled, and discompos'd --

Clever. Trust my Experience, Madam. He is, indeed, a great Quieter of the Spirits.

[*Exit, leaning languishingly upon CLEVER.*]

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, BELLAMOUR, *meeting.*

Luc. Well, Sir!

Bel. Well, Madam!

Luc. You are come, I suppose, to ask Pardon for all your Impertinence to Day.

Bel. You mistake me, Madam. I come to ask no Pardons: Let cringing Fools, and base-born Slaves submit patiently to ill Usage — A brave Man scorns it. I come to take an eternal Farewel.

Luc. If that is all, there needs no great Ceremony in the Performance — There's the Door, Sir — Farewel with all my Heart.

Bel. 'Tis false: I know my Resolution vexes you, with what Affectation soever you would conceal it. There is not a dissembling, perfidious Woman of you all, but is vex'd at the Loss of a Lover, tho' 'tis of one she hates: Tho' but some are pick'd for your Pleasures, all are necessary to your Vanity: By Heaven,

I scorn the Office, nor will be ty'd to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

Luc. Speak softly.

Bel. Would I could speak louder, that Heaven and Earth might witness to my just Reproaches.

Luc. Traytor! After what has pass'd to Day in my own Presence; after so manifest a Conviction of the most horrid Perfidy, how dare you pretend to reproach me with any Thing?

Bel. Falsest of Women! After so many deceitful Encouragements, after having put it so much in my Power to expose your Character to the whole World, how dare you provoke me? See here a Letter in Terms equivalent to the most solemn Contract — 'Tis in your own Hand — Sign'd LUCINDA.

[He shews a Letter, which she snatches out of his Hand, and tears in a thousand Pieces.]

Luc. Have you any more?

Bel. No, Madam — But Proofs full as strong. This Trick shall not serve your Turn.

[With a threatening Air.]

Luc. Ungenerous BELLAMOUR! *[Affecting to weep.]*

Bel. False LUCINDA!

Luc. Have I been false? Was not your Love to ANGELICA prov'd to your Face? Could you deny it? Perfidious Man! *[Still pretending to weep.]*

Bel. O! were there Truth in those Tears! There is not a Blessing under the Sun but I would reject for the Possession of LUCINDA.

Luc.

Luc. O! could I be sure that ANGELICA's Presence would never regain the Heart, which her Absence only has lost — *[Still weeping.]*

Bel. By all that's sacred, 'tis in LUCINDA's Power alone to fix my Heart for ever. *[Passionately.]*

Luc. Alas! we know not our own Hearts. You still have an Esteem for her.

Bel. I should be ungrateful else: Grudge her not that.

Luc. Where there is Esteem, there will be Love.

Bel. It is the surest Foundation, Madam.

Luc. Where there is no Esteem, there can be no Love.

Bel. No lasting Passion.

Luc. Hence from my Sight, false Man — *[affecting a Passion]* Go to your ANGELICA — your Esteem'd ANGELICA — LUCINDA scorns to keep a Heart not entirely her own, by Esteem, as well as Love.

Bel. How this Passion pleases me! Vows may be feign'd, Tears may be false — But, Jealousy's a Proof not to be doubted — Dear LUCINDA, forgive the Ravings of an impatient Temper: Impute my past Follies, and rash Suspicions to the Vehemence of my Love, and the Transports of an impetuous Passion. ANGELICA was a Victim to your bright Eyes, from the very first Moment I saw you: My Heart has room for no other Object, no other Image but yours: I renounce all other Hopes, all other Joys, all other Temptations, all other Passions.

Luc. Hey-Day! Mr. BELLAMOUR, What are you run mad?

Bel. Mad, Madam!

Luc. Aye mad, Sir: What is all this new Extravagance for?

Bel. For, Madam!

Luc. Aye, for, Sir — What is it for?

Bel. Why, did not you say —

Luc. Say! what should I say? But go home, get some Sleep and settle your Brain.

Bel. Have I been mock'd then all this while? Your Fool! Your Property! An Idiot! A Subject for Laughter! [*in a Fury*] Gods! Gods! 'tis too much — Rage choaks my Words — It is not to be born — It is not to be endur'd — Good-by to you, Madam — [*Going, returns.*] But first take back your Picture here — Curse me, if I preserve the least faint Resemblance of so faithless an Original — Take it — And eternally Farewel. [*Going.*]

Luc. Very well, Mr. BELLAMOUR, — What have I innocently said that could provoke this new Passion?

[*Taking the Picture with a compos'd Air.*]

Bel. Innocently said! — [*Returning furiously.*]

Luc. Lord, you are so hasty, and cholerick — You fly into such Passions without the least Provocation —

[*Affecting the same Passion.*]

Bel. Without Provocation! — [*Still in a Passion.*]

Luc. Aye, Sir, without Provocation —

[*In the same manner.*]

Indeed, Mr. BELLAMOUR, there is no bearing these violent Humours — Always sending and proving! 'Tis living in a continued Storm —

[*Composing herself, affecting to weep.*]

Bel. Madam —

[*earnestly.*]

Luc.

Luc. Pray, Sir, have Patience: Consider calmly — You confess a first Passion for ANGELICA: Alas! who knows not the Force of first Impressions? Besides — Who has been once false, may be so again: The Difficulty is in the first Struggle with Temptation: To a Man once dipp'd in Dishonour — subsequent Infidelities become easy — Are not these natural Reflections? *[Weeping.]*

Bel. Madam —

[more earnestly.]

Luc. Pray, Sir, hear me out — No Interruption, if you please —

Bel. Do but hear me, Madam — *[Passionately.]*

Luc. Nay then — Sir, your Servant —

[Going off seemingly in a Passion, he holds her.]

Bel. By Heavens, I will be heard. You confound me with Riddles — My Soul is toss'd to and fro by as many Passions, as the Ocean by Winds — O, lead me out of all these Turnings, and Doublings — This Labyrinth of Doubts, and Hopes — Pleas'd, and displeas'd, in the same Breath — Pronounce something intelligible: Let it be Despair — Let it be Death — Let it be any Thing but this tormenting Uncertainty, this Rack of Thought, this Agony of contending Passions.

Luc. Ha, Ha, Ha. *[Bursting out into a loud Laugh.]*

Bel. Oons! Madam, do you laugh? *[furiously.]*

Luc. Who can chuse but laugh to see a Man of your Sense, and good Understanding, roaring and ranting one Moment, like a Madman — and the next — whining and crying, like a Milk-Sop! I have no Fool to deal with Mr. BELLAMOUR.

[Ironically, with a malicious Courtesy.]

Bel. Death, and Damnation!

AIRY

AIRY and VAUNTER break in upon them.

Airy. Permit us, Madam, to have the Honour —
Ha! BELLAMOUR — [*Starts, seeing BELLAMOUR.*

[*Recovering himself with his usual Impudence and Familiarity.*

Friend BELL! P'gad, well met — you see good Wits jump.

Bel. Vile, vile Woman! What, with these Insects too! Incredible Wickedness! O ANGELICA! well are thy Wrongs reveng'd.

[*Going, LUCINDA catches hold of him.*

Luc. You shall not stir 'till I am justify'd of this inhuman Suspicion —

Airy. Dear BELL — Don't go off in a Passion: Permit me to say, she won't make one Jot the worse Wife for all this.

Vau. Many a worse Business has been patch'd up, as to the World, my Friend — You know we are discreet.

Bel. Fools! Puppies! Idiots! Baboons! Apes, and Monkeys. [*Beats 'em soundly, and Exit in a Rage.*

Luc. Who's within there? What! not one Servant in the Way!

Enter CLEVER, and Servants hastily.

How got these Jackanapes into the House? —

Clever.

Clever. Lord, Madam, how should I know?

[Starting at Sight of them.]

Luc. Let 'em be ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd up close, 'till they discover what brought 'em hither --

[Servants seize them.]

Van. That Gentlewoman knows —

[Pointing to CLEVER.]

Clever. I know! What should I know? Away with them —

Airy. Permit me to have the Honour to say —

Clever. Away with them — Let me alone, Madam, to get the Truth out.

They are hurry'd off, struggling : CLEVER following.

Luc. When I consider what silly, ridiculous Animals the very wisest Men are in the Hands of a Woman, I am at a Loss whether to pity or despise them most: The Creatures seem contriv'd only for our Diversion, meer Play-Things for us: They are but what we make them: Merry, or Sad; Reasonable, or Extravagant; but as we humour them: In, or out of their Wits, just as we think fit to work upon their Passions.

“ Over their very Souls, 'tis thus we reign,
“ We give them Pleasure, or decree them Pain,
“ And RAISE them, --- but to DOWN with them
“ again. }

The END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA, COURTAILL.

ANGELICA [*Reading a Challenge.*]

“ **A**FTER what has pass’d between us, you will
“ not be surpriz’d to know — I am resolv’d to
“ cut your Throat —

[*Speaks*] *Very reasonable, truly !*

Reads.] “ You shall find me walking under the
“ Park-Wall, adjoining to Lady DORIMEN’s, where
“ it shall be try’d, if you have as much Mettle with
“ your Sword in your Hand, as in a Circle before
“ the Ladies.

BELLAMOUR.

[*Speaks*] A very comfortable Salutation —

[*Stands musing.*]

Const. For my Part, as a Poet in a Play, when he
has puzzled himself with his Plot, has Recourse to
supernatural Aids, and brings down *Mercury*, or *Ju-*
piter, to his Assistance: I have conjur’d up my Bro-
ther here, in my Likeness, to be my Representative
in

in Love, or War. Say, Captain, hast thou Courage?

[*Clapping him on the Back.*

Court. The Man who durst have ask'd that Question — By the Gods, had died upon the Spot.

[*Strutting.*

Const. Why then be valiant — Leave the rest to us —

[*In the same strutting Way.*

Ang. Hark! Lady DORIMEN'S Door opens —
Defend me from another of her Fits! Yes, BELLA-MOUR — I will meet thee —

“O LOVE, be thou my Second, fight for me,
“Who have endur'd so many Wounds for Thee:
“When, with his Weapon pointed at my Heart, }
“The Traytor stands, let loose th' unerring Dart, }
“Reduce the Rebel, and Avenge my Smart:
“Whom LOVE befriends is certain of Success,
“LOVE made a Woman's Fool of *Hercules*.

[*As they go off, enter L. DORIMEN, and CLEVER.*

Clever. The Moment my Back was turn'd, they grew impatient, and the young Lady's Apartment being nearest at Hand, they dropp'd in there.

L. Dor. A most unlucky Accident! The whole Town will talk of it — And what Interpretation may be made —

Clever. Fear nothing, Madam: Trust to my Ingenuity.

Enter

Enter LUCINDA.

L. Dor. CLEVER and I, my Dear, have been laughing heartily at your Adventure last Night.

Luc. Truly, Madam, I do not think it such a laughing Matter.

L. Dor. Lord! how could the Creatures think of coming hither?

Luc. That, Madam, is what I am resolv'd to know.

L. Dor. Reputation is nice: Methinks, the less Noise, and the fewer Enquiries, the better.

Luc. Reputation is nice; and for that Reason, Madam —

Clever. The poor Gentlemen are to be pity'd: They lay rough all Night, lock'd up in the Coal-hole.

Luc. Then, let them be wash'd clean, this Morning, under the Pump.

L. Dor. Have you no Mercy?

Luc. Not a Grain for Pretty-Fellows.

L. Dor. Well, you will have your own Way. I sent for you, Niece, to take a Turn round the Park this fine Morning.

Luc. I am ready to wait on your Ladyship. CLEVER, look close to my Prisoners. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

FREDERICK and COURTALL meeting.

Fred. Well met, Sir.

Court. With all my Heart, Sir.

Fred. I have been hunting you all the Town over.

Court. Faith, that was kind, considering we never saw one another's Faces before.

Fred. How, Sir ! never saw one another's Faces before !

Court. Never, upon Honour, Sir ; that I know of.

Fred. Why ! Pray, Sir, have you not engag'd to deliver your Sister CONSTANTIA to me, as soon as you yourself can agree in the Choice of One of mine ?--
And —

Court. And — as much as you please, Sir : I am no Interpreter of Dreams, Sir : I am but this Moment come to Town.

Fred. Impudence beyond Example ! Sir, I am not to be banter'd at this Rate — [*His Hand upon his Sword.*

Court. No, Sir — Nor I neither. [*Does the same.*

CONSTANTIA Entering.

Fred. I ask Pardon — I see the Man I have been looking for. Pray, Sir, are not you call'd Captain COURTALL ?

Const. No, Sir.

Fred. What are you then, Sir.

Const

Const. Just what you see, Sir.

Fred. What a Plague is all this? It must be one of them — The same Face — The same Shape — The same —

Const. Not every Thing the same, I can assure you, Sir.

Fred. Are you Men, or Devils?

Const. Not Men, upon Honour.

Fred. Then I will so conjure your Devilships.

[*Draws. They draw.*]

Const. We fight in Conjunction, and no foul Play neither; for we make but one Man betwixt us.

Court. Sister, stand behind me. [*Aside to CONST.*]

Const. What, leave my Friend in the Lurch —

[*Brandishing her Sword.*]

Enter BELLAMOUR.

Bel. How! FREDERICK engag'd with Odds! Courage, my Friend. [*Draws, and joins him.*]

Const. Dull, Dull *Amintor*!

[*Dropping the Point of her Sword.*]

Fred. Does your Heart fail you upon the Square, young Conjuror?

Const. Can your Heart feel no Palpitations, when a Ruffian offers to cut your Mistress's Throat before your Face!

Fred. My Mistress's Throat!

Const. Not to know *CONSTANTIA* through any Disguise!

Fred. *CONSTANTIA*!

Const.

Const. See where she stands, arm'd in Appearance, but too weak for Defence; like the Picture of *Andromeda* in the Hangings, ready to be devour'd by a Fell Monster, who has no Mercy for Women — O! the Difference between Ancient, and Modern Lovers! Here's no *Perseus* in this Tapestry.

Court. What the Devil is she at now? [*Aside.*

Fred. I have heard, indeed, of a strange Resemblance between *CONSTANTIA* and a Twin-Brother —

Const. Behold that Wonder!

Fred. Then you are *COURTALL*, — And that is *CONSTANTIA* —

Const. We are *COURTALL* and *CONSTANTIA* — You may depend upon it.

Fred. But why in that Habit?

Const. For Reasons you shall know hereafter.

Fred. Cruel *COURTALL*! why have you led your Friend into such a Labyrinth?

Const. To prove myself your best Friend. — You will find it in the Conclusion.

FREDERICK throwing away his Sword, casts himself at *COURTALL*'s Feet, supposing him *CONSTANTIA*.

Fred. Divineſt of Creatures! —

Bel. *FREDERICK*, I perceive this Quarrel is in so amicable a Way, my Assistance is no longer necessary.

Fred. Dear *BELLAMOUR*, how shall I acknowledge —

Bel. No Speeches, Friend — That Man must be an arrant

arrant Rascal, whose Purse and Sword are not always at his Friend's Service. [Exit.]

COURTALL *apart to* CONSTANTIA.

Court. Hark'e, Sister — This is not the Part you appointed me to act: I am not prepar'd for it — I can act the Man with a Woman, but not the Woman with a Man — I am no *Cæsar*.

Const. Patience! — Schemes must change as Situations alter. I tell you — you are now CONSTANTIA — Behave your self well — Make me not ashamed of myself. FREDERICK, I see your Pain, and pity it: Confusion sits in both your Faces: 'Tis Time to be serious. CONSTANTIA's Presence, and Consent, were necessary to bind our Bargain: Here she is ready to be deliver'd to you upon a fair Exchange with one of your Sisters. I can answer for her Heart; 'tis your's. We are just at your Door — Take the silent, trembling Creature by the Hand, and lead her in — I am as impatient, on my Part, to make my Peace with the young Ladies.

FREDERICK *taking* COURTALL *by the Hand*.

Fred. Figures so resembling, Madam, may deceive the Sight for once: But that Sympathy, and that Instinct, which direct the Lover's Heart to the Object ador'd, shall preserve me, for the future, from any more such Mistakes.

[Leads him out.]

Const. Rare Sympathy! Rare Instinct!

“ Tho'

“ Tho’ my Heart akes, to sport thus with his Pain,
“ I laugh to think what silly Things — are Men.
[Exit following.]

S C E N E III.

CLEVER, with AIRY and VAUNTER, dirty, and
ridiculously disfigur’d.

Clever. You are to declare that you came hither
by Mistake ; That you took this House for an-
other. —

Airy. But, tell us truly, had not I a Letter sent
me ? Did not you meet me according to the Dire-
ction in that Letter ? Did not you yourself conduct
us to this very House, lead us Up-stairs, lock us into
a Room, and, permit me to say —

Vaun. Divert yourself with us — Geddemme ! most
unconscionably —

Clever. Impudent Fellows ! Did I ever see your
Faces before ?

Airy. Permit me to say —

Clever. Permit you to say ! I’ll permit you to say
nothing but what I tell you.

Vaun. Well then, Dear Madam, since it must be,
that you did not shew us the Way in, pray be so good
as to shew us the Way out.

Clever. All in good Time : But you must first make
your Declaration before the Ladies —

Vaun.

Vaun. What, in this Pickle! Geddemme! if I can speak to any Lady without my *Queue*.

Clever. Well, well, these Preliminaries shall be adjusted. Get you in — I hear Company coming — To the Pump — Go — wash, and be clean —

[*Gives AIRY a violent Thrust, almost throws him down: VAUNTER standing sullen without moving, gives him a Box on the Ear.*

March, I say, when I bid you.

Vaun. If I don't sweat I have lain with all the Family round — Geddemme —

[*Aside, going off.*

S C E N E IV.

ANGELICA and BELLAMOUR meeting. ANGELICA in Woman's Apparel, mask'd. They take a few short Turns, observing one another.

Ang. Sir, I must entreat you to choose some other Walk: This Spot of Ground belongs to me, for an Adventure which requires no Witnesses.

Bel. You prevent me, Madam: I am oblig'd to make you the same Request. Upon this very Spot, my good or bad Fortune is to be determin'd for ever.

Ang. Just my Case.

Bel. My Honour is engag'd.

Ang. So is mine.

Bel. I have known Honour lost in a Mask; I never heard of any gain'd.

Ang.

Ang. In short, Mr. BELLAMOUR, the Affair which calls you hither is no Secret to me: You may cool your Heels long enough before you will be met, in the Manner you expect, by your young Antagonist.

Bel. If the young Rogue should have the Heart to come, my Passion is over; I should hardly have the Heart to hurt him.

Ang. As stout a Man as you take yourself to be, you might find yourself over-match'd.

Bel. Let him appear, and make the Tryal. In the mean time, a little Amusement with so pretty a Creature as you seem to be, will be no disagreeable Entertainment. Since you know me, and are so well inform'd of my Affairs, I am resolv'd to be upon the Square — And know you —

Ang. Hands off —

Bel. The least Sample in the World — A Lip or an Eye —

Ang. If the Sight of my Face could revenge your abominable Treachery to a Friend, whom I love as I love myself, — you should soon see it to your everlasting Confusion.

Bel. If it has been my Misfortune to injure any Friend of your own Sex, the Sex has fully reveng'd it.

Ang. May Traytors never meet but with Traytors: Whoever betray, may they be always betray'd.

Bel. Name your Friend — I carry Reparation always about me for complaining Ladies — You shall be Judge yourself how much will be sufficient.

Ang. Come, come, Mr. BELLAMOUR, this is no jesting

jesting Argument. If, in the infernal Shades, there is one Torment more bitter than another, it is reserv'd for Treachery, and Ingratitude.

Bel. You grow serious.

Ang. You have wrong'd a vertuous Lady, who lov'd you, and still loves you: Where shall the poor, forsaken Creature hide her Head? Where find a Refuge, with the Brand upon her, of a cast, dishonour'd Mistress? Dishonour! Who can bear Dishonour? Who takes my Life, takes no more from me than a Debt, which, some time or other must be paid to Nature: Who wounds my Reputation, stabs the immortal Part: and is the worst of all Murderers.

Bel. So warm a Friend!

Ang. Who can think coolly of Ingratitude? The Loan of a little paltry Pelf, you call a Debt of Honour: O! when a Woman gives her Love, the most generous Bounty of the Soul, why is that Tye less Sacred? Breach of Trust, between Man and Man, makes a Villain: 'Tis glorious to deceive a Woman!

Bel. You mistake the Question, Madam. In Matters of Honour, the Tyes are the same between Man and Woman, as between Man and Man: But in Matters of Love, we are Sharpers on both Sides, we play all the Game, *Cheat who Cheat can.*

Ang. Base, barbarous Distinction! How I should detest you if these were your real Thoughts!— Honour's the Soul of Love, it can no more subsist without it, than the Body can exist without the Soul.

Bel. Who can this Creature be? She moves me strangely: My Heart beats towards her, as at the Meeting of a long-absent Friend.

[*Aside*
May

May I presume, in a more serious Way, to ask who this Lady may be, whose Wrongs you so warmly resent?

Ang. Suppose her Name should be LUCINDA!

Bel. I never wrong'd her: I detest her: and, for her Sake, could almost curse all Womankind.

Ang. You have found her false: Is that the Reason? Then you love her still?

Bel. By all that's Sacred, No. She withdrew me from my first Allegiance; I shall never forgive her that — O! I was the happiest Man! The first Pair in Paradise were not so bless'd. She threw Temptation in my Way. Absence from what I lov'd, and human Frailty, prevail'd! I fell like our First Parent, we sinned, and are punish'd alike, condemn'd to Despair, eternal Despair: For, O! I have transgress'd beyond all Hope of Pardon.

Ang. Who knows what a sincere Penitence might bring about?

Bel. No — 'Tis impossible to expect the least Grace from a Bounty so abus'd — ANGELICA! ANGELICA! — Oh! —

Ang. Could I be sure of a sincere Conversion, I would intercede for you myself: She is, indeed, the Friend whose Wrongs have touch'd me so nearly.

Bel. Would you? Could you be so good? Thus let me throw myself at your Feet; Thus let me embrace your Knees, and adore you as my Guardian-Angel.

Ang. What shall I say for you?

Bel. Tell her — But, O! Confusion chokes my Words — I cannot speak —

Ang. Take Courage, perhaps, your case may not be so desperate as you think it.

Bel. I know she is all Goodness: Nature never fram'd a Creature more perfect; A Mind so suited to a Person, every Way adorable — 'Tis that which aggravates my Crime, and leaves me without Excuse.

Ang. To pretend to excuse what is inexcusable, would, indeed, be Presumption, and add Guilt to Guilt: But, Confession, Repentance, and Amendment, May I assure her of that?

Bel. You may — But express it so passionately, that she may be in no Doubt of the Sincerity of my Return to her: Say nothing of — Absence — or human Frailty — That might look like Excusing.

Ang. Is this all?

Bel. Tell her with what Anguish and Horror, I confess my Guilt: Begin by moving her Pity: If you find she should drop a Tear in Remembrance of our past Loves, as perhaps she may — you may then proceed to sue for Pardon — Love may revive with Mercy.

[ANGELICA turns aside to wipe her Eyes,
and seems much mov'd.

But, if she should continue immoveable, If neither Persuasion, or Tears, should touch her: For, O! How can I expect it — Then, tell her, my Life shall expiate my Offence: My Guilt shall be wash'd away in my Blood: My Sword, plung'd in that Heart which has been false to her, shall convince her of my returning Truth: Condemn'd as unworthy to live for her, I shall submit without Murmur — And die her faithful BELLAMOUR. Be sure you tell her this.

AN-

[ANGELICA throws away her Mask, and takes him in her Arms.

Ang. Live, Live, my BELLAMOUR ---

Bel. ANGELICA! — By Heavens, 'tis she herself-- She takes me in her Arms — And bids me live — ANGELICA! ANGELICA! [Embracing again.

Ang. O! Thou art welcome to my Soul again, as to the wet and weary Wanderer, after a long tempestuous Night, the Return of a fair Morning.

Bel. Perdition catch my Soul, whenever I cease to adore you — Beauty may lose its Slaves; such Goodness never can.

[They embrace again, shedding Tears of Tendernefs over one another.

Enter Lady DORIMEN, LUCINDA, PHILABEL, Sir TOBY; CLEVER attending. LUCINDA goes softly up to BELLAMOUR, giving him a Rap upon the Shoulder.

Luc. They were much to blame, Mr. BELLAMOUR, who gave me Notice of your Infidelities — so early and so close with a new Mistress!

Bel. My Mistress, and my Guardian Angel. False are the Tales, so often told, of Womens Perjuries; the Spight, and Malice of detracting Men; Base, base Asperſion all, and false — Or were they true, Behold the Goodness would atone for all!

Sir Toby. Odzooks, the Man's in Raptures. Let us see — What have we here?

[Puts on his Spectacles, examining ANGELICA.

F 2

L. Dor.

L. Dor. She's very handsom indeed. But sure, I have seen something very like that Face before.

Clever. As I live, Madam — young Master — in Petticoats — [Peeping in her Face.

L. Dor. It cannot be.

Clever. You are sure, Madam, you did not find him a Man?

Sir Toby. My little *Cupid* metamorphos'd into a *Venus*!

Ang. From an adopted Son into a real Daughter. And now the Mystery's all out. I am myself that injur'd *ANGELICA*, of whom I told you: Desperate Evils require desperate Cures. You promised *ANGELICA* your Blessing, Sir, when-ever I brought her to you --

Sir Toby. Bless thee! Who can chuse but bless thee? Why, this was such a *Hocus-Pocus*, to make thy old Daddy, at his Years, and with all his Experience, not know a Boy from a Girl: to pose him in his Rudiments, in the Masculine and Feminine Gender! Odd-zooks — Ha! *Je reconnois mon Sang* — TICKLE all over.

L. Dor. For my Part, Madam, I ever felt an invincible Inclination to love you — Give me Leave to embrace you.

Luc. Give you Joy, Mr. *BELLAMOUR*, — You are happily return'd to your first Love — and I to mine.

[Taking *PHILABEL* by the Hand.

Bel. Providence, Madam, orders every Thing for the best: We are both of us happy, in Spight of ourselves: Marriages you know, are made in Heaven.

Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Odzooks, and many an ill Match from so good a Place. Come, come, let's have no Talking of the past — All Friends, All Friends — Look forwards, look forwards — In Honey-Moon, Time as at the Beginning of a new Reign, all past Offences should be forgot, and forgiven.

Luc. There remains, however, one Thing more to be clear'd : I would not suffer worse than I deserve in Mr. BELLAMOUR's Opinion — CLEVER, bring in your Prisoners.

Bel. It needs not, Madam ; my Passion made me too credulous : Those Fools, I know, go every where uninvited.

CLEVER *re-enters*, with AIRY and VAUNTER.

Luc. Well, Gentlemen, have you recollected what brought you hither ?

L. Dor. CLEVER, I tremble [*Aside to CLEVER.*

Clever. It needs not, Madam, they are well instructed.

Airy. *En passant* by the next Door — A charming Creature —

Phil. Next Door, Sir, have a Care : FREDERICK, and his Sisters live at the next Door ; vertuous young Ladies, my Relations.

Airy. Not the next Door, Sir, where your vertuous Relations inhabit — But the other next Door, where you have no Relations —

Vaun. Geddemme, there are two next Doors.

L. Dor. The Gentlemen say well, and with a great Air of Truth.

Airy. There is nothing, Madam, I detest like Lying.

Sir Toby. That's a Lye.

Airy. Except upon certain Occasions — To save a Lady's Honour, — or so —

[*Tipping the Wink upon LUCINDA.*

Luc. Is that the Case now? [Angrily.

Airy. Pardon me, Madam, — I don't say it is --- Vanity is not my Vice — But having receiv'd a Letter —

Luc. A Letter! Produce that Letter — The Hand may be of Service.

[*AIRY pulling out a large Bundle of Letters, L. DORIMEN looks frighten'd.*

Airy. Let me see -- Duchesses -- Countesses -- I keep 'em ty'd up in exact Order -- according to their Ranks, and Titles -- Without Vanity -- I am plagu'd with so many of them --- This was anonymous --- See Letter A--- Aye, here it is ---

[*Presenting the Letter to LUCINDA. Lady DORIMEN snatches, and tears it.*

L. Dor. Fye, Niece — A Womans Hand, whoever she may be, ought never, upon any Account, to be expos'd.

Luc. I ask Pardon, Madam.

Sir Toby. I smell a Rat.

L. Dor. It is sufficient we are all clear'd — What would you more?

Luc.

Luc. Her Ladyship's Concern gives me some undutiful Suspicions -- I must stop here. Well Gentlemen, you have your Liberty -- It seems, you were mistaken in the House.

Airy. I hope, Madam, this unfortunate Accident has occasioned no Mis-understanding -- Dear BEL, -- upon Honour thou hast no Reason -- There has nothing pass'd between us -- I speak it without Vanity -- Beged, I never meant to make any Thing of it.

Bel. I believe you, Sir.

FREDERICK's Door opens suddenly. CONSTANTIA disorder'd, her Hair loose, and dishevell'd, pull'd in by DIANA, MELISSA, and MIRANDA -- FREDERICK, COURTALL, and DORINDA following.

Const. Quarter, Quarter --

Dia. We'll quarter you --

Mir. You ugly -- Hermaphrodite Thing -- You --

Mel. We'll teach you to put the Man upon us -- we will.

Const. You can't say, I put the Man upon you --

Sir Toby. Odzoöks! My little COURTALL trans-mography'd too!

Bel. Why FREDERICK, I thought I had left this Matter in a peaceable Way.

Fred. Faith, I thought so too -- But new Mistakes have happen'd.

Const. Save me -- Save me -- Or, I shall be devour'd by these Harpies -- I am caught in my own Snare ---

[The Sisters continuing to torment her.

Ang. Cousin, Cousin -- Many a good Plot has been spoil'd by over-doing -- Too much Cunning is as bad as too little Wisdom.

Const. Cousin, Cousin,--You speak at your Ease -- I perceive you have gain'd your Point. -- If I could bring myself to pronounce -- but -- one Word.

Ang. Shall I do it for you? **FREDERICK**, she loves you, and would fain confess it -- let but her Brother take her Place, I'll answer for it, she surrenders at Discretion.

Fred. What says **COURTALL**?

Court. If fair **DORINDA** would but smile --

Fred. I charge myself with that -- What says **CONSTANTIA**?

Const. I must submit to the Power that can protect me.

Fred. In my Hands you shall never want Protection.

[Going to take her from the Sisters, they thrust her rudely at him.]

Dia. Out, Succubus --

Mel. He, and She-Devil --

Fred. O **CONSTANTIA**, I will so sweetly revenge myself! *[Receiving her.]*

Mir. Look, Look, Sisters --- O my Stars! what two fine Men are yonder!

[AIRY and VAUNTER join the Sisters. A dumb Show of Affectation and Foppery apart, according to their several Characters.]

L. Dor. Well, for my Part, after the Adventures of this Day, never more will I believe a Man the more a Man, for a promising Out-side.

“ Cowards

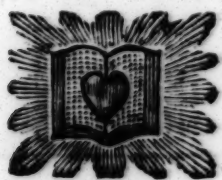
“ Cowards in Scarlet, pass for Men of War,
“ And the grave Fool does often wise appear;
“ Trust not Appearances: Not Two in Ten
“ Deserve the generous Name -- Of WOMENS MEN.

Ang. Let That be an Instruction for the Ladies; and This for the Men -- That whoever has once entertain'd a real Passion, can never so entirely dispossess himself of it, but if proper Means are used, the first Impressions will return: There will be always left a Foundation to work upon, and a Weakness which he is not aware of, till he is brought to the Tryal. *Once a LOVER; And always a LOVER.*

Sir TOBY.

“ Women have Charms, such Magick's in their Looks,
“ To turn and wind us, as they please, Odzooks!

The END of the FIFTH ACT



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ANGELICA.

I *Who have been the Poet's Spark to Day,
Behold me now the Champion of his Play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good Grace,
I mortally dislike a damning Face.
I say — Odzooks ! 'tis Good — And I'll stand by it :
Now let me see the Man who dares deny it.
Who shall pretend to doubt my Will, and Pleasure,
Him I defy to send his Weapon's Measure :
I'll give him Satisfaction — That I can —
'S Death, 'tis not the first Time, I've kill'd my Man.
On Pain of being posted to your Sorrow,
Fail not at Four, to meet me here To-morrow.*

T H E
JEW of VENICE.

A
COMEDY.

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AND
ANATOMY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AND
ANATOMY

PROLOGUE.

Written by BEVILL HIGGONS, Esq;

The Ghosts of SHAKESPEARE, and DRYDEN
Arise, Crown'd with Lawrel.

Dryd. **T**HIS radiant Circle, reverend SHAKESPEARE, view;

An Audience only to the Buskin due.

Shakesp. *A Scene so noble, ancient Greece ne'er saw,
Nor Pompey's Dome, when Rome the World gave Law.*

I feel at once both Wonder and Delight,

By Beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,

Well, DRYDEN, might'st thou sing; well may these

Hero's fight.

Dryd. *With all the outward Lustre which you find,
They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.*

Their sickly Judgments, what is just, refuse,

And French Grimace, Buffoons, and Mimicks choose;

Our Scenes desert, some wretched Farce to see;

They know not Nature, for they taste not Thee.

Shakesp.

PROLOGUE.

Shakesp. *Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,
Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.*

*When thy Egyptian weeps, what Eyes are dry!
Or who can live to see thy Roman die?*

Dryd. *Thro' Perspectives revers'd, they Nature view,
Which give the Passions Images, not true.*

*Strephon for Strephon sighs; and Sappho dies,
Shot to the Soul by brighter Sappho's Eyes:*

*No wonder then their wand'ring Passions roam,
And feel not Nature, whom th'ave overcome.*

*For shame, let genial Love prevail agen,
You Beaux, love Ladies; and you Ladies, Men.*

Shakesp. *These Crimes unknown, in our less polish'd
Now seem above Correction of the Stage; [Age,
Less heinous Faults, our Justice does pursue;
To Day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew.*

*A Piece of Justice, terrible and strange;
Which, if pursu'd, would make a thin Exchange.*

*The Law's Defect, the juster Muse supplies,
'Tis only we can make you Good, or Wise,
Whom Heav'n spares, the Poet will chastise.*

*These Scenes in their rough Native Dress were mine;
But now improv'd with nobler Lustre shine;*

*The first rude Sketches SHAKESPEARE's Pencil drew,
But all the Shining Master-strokes are new.*

PROLOGUE,

*This Play, ye Criticks, shall your Fury stand,
Adorn'd, and rescu'd by a faultless Hand.*

*Dryd. I long endeavour'd to support thy Stage,
With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,
But toil'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.
They starv'd me living ; nay, deny'd me Fame,
And scarce, now dead, do Justice to my Name.
Wou'd you repent? Be to my Ashes kind, *
Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.*

* The Profits of this PLAY were design'd for Mr. DRYDEN; but, upon his Death, given to his Son.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BASSANIA.	}	<i>Gentlemen of Venice, and Friends.</i>
ANTONIO.		
GRATIANO.		<i>Their Companion.</i>
LORENZO.		<i>In Love with JESSICA,</i>
SHYLOCK		<i>The Jew.</i>
DUKE of Venice.		

W O M E N.

PORTIA.	<i>A Rich Heiress.</i>
NERISSA.	<i>Her Friend.</i>
JESSICA.	<i>Daughter to the Jew.</i>

Officers belonging to the Court of Justice, Servants and Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE, Venice.

T H E
JEW of *VENICE*.
A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
LORENZO.

Anto. I HOLD the World, but as a Stage GRATI-
ANO,

“Where every Man must play some certain Part,
And mine’s a serious one.

Grat. Laughter and Mirth be mine :
Why should a Man, whose Blood is warm and young,
Sit

Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster !
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,
 By being peevish ! I tell thee what, ANTONIO !
 I love thee, and it is my Love that speaks :
 There are a sort of Men, whose Visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing Pond ;
 And do a wilful Stillness entertain,
 ‘ Screwing their Faces in a politick Form,
 ‘ To cheat Observers with a false Opinion
 Of Wisdom, Gravity, profound Conceit ;
 As who should say, I am, Sir, an Oracle.
 Oh, my ANTONIO ! I do know of these,
 Who therefore only are reputed Wise,
 For saying nothing ; But more of this
 Another time. ‘ Let you and I, LORENZO,
 ‘ Take a short Turn : once more, my Friends, be
 ‘ merry.
 ‘ All have their Follies ; merry Fools are best.
 ‘ LORENZO, come ; Sir *Gravities*, farewell,
 I’ll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

[*Exeunt* GRAT. and LORENZO.

Bassa. GRATIANA speaks an infinite deal of nothing ;

More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reasons
 Are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Bushels of Chaff,
 You may seek all Day ere you find ’em, and when
 You have ’em, they are not worth the Search.

Anto. Well, tell me now, what Lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage,
 That you to Day promis’d to tell me of ?

Bassa. ’Tis not unknown to you, ANTONIO,
 How much I have disabled my Estate

By

By something shewing a more swelling Port,
Than my faint Means would grant Continuance ;
Nor would I now make Suit to be abrig'd,
From such a noble Rate ; but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts,
Wherein my Time, something too prodigal,
Has left me bound. To you, ANTONIO,
I owe the most in Money, and in Love.

Anto. ' My Friend can owe me nothing, we are one,
' The Treasures I possess, are but in Trust,
' For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the Eye of Honour, be assur'd,
My Purse, my Person, my extreamest Means,
' Are all my Friends.

Bassa. In my School-Days, when I had lost one
Shaft,
I shot his Fellow of the self-same Flight,
The self-same Way, with more adviz'd Regard,
And by advent'ring both, I oft found both.
I owe you much, and like a Prodigal ;
' That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
To shoot another Arrow, that self-way,
Which you did shoot the first : I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully rest Debtor for the first.

Anto. You know me well, and herein spend but
Time,
To wind about my Love with Circumstance.
' Believe me, my BASSANIO, 'tis more wrong
' Thus to delay the Service of your Friend,

Than

Than if you had made Waste of all I have ;
 ‘ Is this to be a Friend ? With blushing Cheek,
 ‘ With down-cast Eyes, and with a falt’ring Tongue ;
 ‘ We sue to those we doubt : Friendship is plain,
 ‘ Artless, familiar, confident, and free.
 ‘ Ask then as you would grant, were your’s the Power,
 ‘ Were your’s the Power, so would I ask of you ;
 ‘ No longer hesitate. Give me to know
 ‘ What you would have me do, and think it done.

Bassa. ‘ Then briefly thus. In *Belmont* is a Lady
 Immensely rich, and yet more fair than rich,
 And vertuous as she is fair ; sometimes from her Eyes
 I have receiv’d kind, speechless, Messages.

Her Name is PORTIA : you have heard her Fame,
 And how she’s courted. O, my ANTONIO !
 Had I but the Means —

Anto. ‘ The Means be thine, if I can find the Means ;
 My present Fortunes are, thou know’st, at Sea :
 No Money, nor Commodity is left me
 ‘ To raise immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,
 Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do.
 It shall be rack’d even to the uttermost
 To furnish thy Desires : ‘ Nay, no set Speech
 ‘ Of formal Thanks, which I must blush to hear.
 Go, presently enquire. And so will I,
 Where Money is : ‘ In Friendship, who receives,
 ‘ Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. In short, NERISSA, my little Body is weary of this Great World.

Nerissa. It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your Plenty. For ought I see, they are as sick, who surfeit With too much, as those who starve with too little ;
' From whence I conclude, That Happiness is seated in
' The Mean : Superfluity brings Care, Care both
' Robs us of our Time, and shortens our Days ;
' But Competency is the easiest, and the longest Liver.

Port. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Portia. It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching ;
I could easier instruct Twenty, what were good to do,
Than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Instruction.
The Brain may devise Laws for the Blood ; ' but the
' Hot
' Part will be sure to get the better of the Cold ; but
' what
Is all this to my choosing a Husband ? Ah me ! The
Word

Choose : I am neither to choose whom I like, nor
Refuse whom I dislike ; so is the Pleasure of a

Living

Living Daughter restrain'd by the Will of a dead
 Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to such hard Laws,
 'NERISSA, neither to choose, nor refuse?

Nerissa. Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy
 Men at

Their Deaths have often good Inspirations; wherefore
 In this Lottery, which he dying devis'd, in these three
 Caskets of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof who
 Chooses his Meaning, chooses you: I have Superstition
 ' Enough to believe the Benefit Lot is destin'd for
 ' The best Deserver.

' Love is, at best, but a Lottery to all.

' Your Case looks different, but is in Effect the same

' With the rest of the World: For it is Fortune that

' Always decides ———

And now pray discover to whom of this Retinue of Sui-
 tors

Stand your Affections most inclin'd?

' Never was Woman so surrounded as you are.

Portia. ' PENELOPE was but a poor Princess to
 PORTIA.

But come, out with your List; Read me the Names,
 And according as I describe, guess at my Inclinations.

Nerissa. ' What a long List is here! Alas, for poor
 ' Men, that

' Among so many, but one can be happy!

Portia. ' Alas, for poor Women! that when she
 ' might have so

' Many, she must have but one! But come, a Truce

' To moral Reflections. Read, read.

Nerissa. *Imprimis*, Here in the Front, stands Mon-
 sieur le Compte,

Your

Your *French Lover* —

Portia. ‘Of himself, thou mean’st: He has more
‘Tricks than

‘A Baboon: If my Bird sings, he strait falls a caper-
‘ing;

He will fence with his own Shadow; ‘nor is his
‘Tongue

‘Less nimble than his Heels; I would as soon marry

‘My Squirrel, or my Monkey.

Nerissa. What think you then of your *Englishman*?
he comes next.

Portia. ‘The *Frenchman’s Ape*: No, give me an
Original,

Whatever it be. The Ape of an Ape must needs be
a strange Monster.

Nerissa. ‘*Myn Heer VAN GUTTS*, the *Dutchman*,
how like you him?

Portia. Very vilely in the Morning when he is so-
ber: And

More vilely in the Afternoou, when he is drunk:
At best, he is worse than a Man; and at worst, no better
Than a Beast: I will do any Thing, *NERISSA*, ere I’ll
Be marry’d to a Sponge.

Nerissa. For any Thing I find, this Lottery is not
like to be

Fair drawn: For if he should choose the right Casket,
You’ll refuse to perform your Father’s Will.

Portia. Therefore, I pr’ythee, set a Bumper of Rhenish
On the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within,
And the Temptation without, I know he will
Choose it.

‘*La Signora GUTTS*! oh hideous, what

‘A

‘ A Sound would there be in the Mouth of an
 ‘ *Italian!*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some of the Strangers, Madam, desire to take
 Their Leaves: And there are others just arriv’d, and
 Alighting at the Gate.

Portia. Would some one would come, to whom I
 could bid

Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all these Farewel.

‘ There is a Man, *NERISSA*, such a Man! but what
 we wish,

‘ Either never arrives, or is always longest in coming:
 Fellow, go before: *NERISSA*, come: Whilst we shut
 Out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

Nerissa. This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

Exeunt.

SCENE *returns to* VENICE.

Enter BASSANIO, and SHYLOCK the Jew.

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats? Well.

Bassa. Ay, Sir, for three Months.

Shyl. For three Months? Well.

Bassa. And, as I told you, *ANTONIO* will be bound.

Shyl. *ANTONIO* bound? Well.

Bassa. Will you oblige me? Shall I know your An-
 swer?

Shyl.

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats for three Months, and ANTONIO bound!

Bassa. Your Answer to that?

Shyl. ANTONIO is a good Man.

Bassa. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shyl. No, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good

Man, is to have you understand, that I think him

A sufficient Man. 'When a Man is rich, we say

'He is a good Man:

'As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we say a

'Poor Rascal: 'Tis the Phrase, 'tis the Phrase. Let me

'Consider; one *Argosy* from *Tripoly*, another to the *Indies*,

A Third at *Mexico*; I understand moreover a Fourth

For *England*. And other Ventures he has scatter'd

Abroad: But Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are

But Planks, Sailors but Men: There are Land-Rats,

And Water-Rats, Water-Thieves and Land-Thieves:

And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.

The Man, notwithstanding, is a sufficient Man. Three thousand

Ducats -- humph -- I think I may venture to take his Bond.

Bassa. Be assur'd you may.

Shyl. I will be assur'd; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me.

Where may I speak with ANTONIO?

Bassa. If you will please to dine with us.

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G

Shyl.

Shyl. Yes, to smell Pork, to eat of the Habitation,
 which
 Your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy
 With you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with
 you,
 And so forth, --but I will neither eat with you, drink
 With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassa. Here is Seignior ANTONIO.

Shyl. aside.] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a *Christian*.
 But more, for that in low Simplicity
 He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down
 The Rate of Usance, here with us in *Venice*.
 If I could catch him once upon the Hip,
 I would feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred Nation ; and he rails
 Even there, where Merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my Bargains, and my well worn Thrift,
 Which he calls Interest : Curs'd be my Tribe,
 If I forgive him ---

Bassa. SHYLOCK, do you hear ?

Shyl. I was debating of my private Stock :
 And if my Computation's right,
 I cannot instantly raise up the Gros
 Of full three thousand Ducats, what of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of our Tribe
 Shall furnish me ; but soft ! How many Months
 Is't you desire ?
 Rest you fair, Good Seignior,

You

You were the last Man in our Mouths.

Anto. SHYLOCK, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, or by giving of Excess,
Yet to supply my Friend, I'll break a Custom :
Is he yet resolv'd, how much will serve ?

Shyl. Aye, aye, three thousand Ducats.

Anto. And for three Months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three Months, he told me so ;
Well then, your Bond. But soft a little, methoughts
You said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.

Anto. I do never use it.

Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our Holy *Abraham* was,
As his wife Mother wrought on his Behalf,
The third Possessor, aye, -- he was the Third.

Anto. And what of him ! Did he take Interest ?

Shyl. No, not as you would say, directly Interest --
' You know the Story. 'Twas a Way to thrive.
' And he was blest'd : For Gain is Blessing,
So Men steal it not.

Anto. Was this insert'd to make Interest good ?

Shyl. Note, my good Seignior !

Anto. Mark you this, BASSANIO.
The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn,
An evil Soul, producing holy Witness,
Is like a Villain, with a smiling Cheek.
Oh, what a goodly Outside Falshood wears !

Shyl. Seignior ANTONIO, many a Time and oft,
On the *Ryalto*, have you rated me,
About my Monies, and my Usances ;
Still have I borne it with a patient Shrug,

For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.
 You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
 And spate upon my *Jewish* Gaberdine,
 And all for Use of that which is my own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my Help :
 Go to then, -- you come to me, and you say,
 SHYLOCK, we would have Monies ;
 You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a Stranger Cur
 Over your Threshold : Money is your Suit,
 What should I answer ? Should I not say,
 Has a Dog Money ? Can a Cur
 Lend three thousand Ducats ? Or shall I bend down
 low,

And in a Bondman's Key, with soft'ned Voice,
 And whispering Humbleness,-- Say thus !
 Fair Sir, on *Wednesday* last, you spate on me ;
 You spurn'd me such a Day ; another Time
 You call'd me Dog, and for these Courtesies
 I'll lend you so much Monies ?

Anto. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not
 As to thy Friend : For when did Friendship take
 A Breed of fordid Metal of his Friend !
 But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
 Who, if he fails, thou may'st with better Face
 Exact the Penalty.

Shyl. Why, look you, how you storm,
 I would be Friends with you, and have your Love,
 Forget the Shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present Wants, and take no Doit

Of

Of Usance for my Monies — And you'll
Not hear me, — ' Were this Offer kind ?

Bassa. This were Kindness.

Shyl. This Kindness will I shew ; nay more, I'll take
ANTONIO's single Bond : And that we may henceforth
' Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact

' But this, meerly for Mirth —

If you repay me not on such a Day, in such a Place,
Such Sum or Sums as are expres'd — Be this
The Forfeiture.

' Let me see, What think you of your Nose.

' Or of an Eye — or of — a Pound of Flesh

' To be cut off, and taken from what Part

Of your Body I shall think fit to name.

' Thou art too portly, *Christian* !

' Too much pamper'd — What say you then

' To such a merry Bond ?

Anto. The *Jew* grows witty : I'll seal to such a Bond,
And say there is much Kindness in the *Jew*.

Bassa. You shall not seal to such a Bond —

' There is some Trick, some farther Fetch in this :
You shall not seal to such a Bond for me.

Anto. Fear not, my Friend, within two Months,
that is

A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns
Of thrice three Times the Value of this Bond.

Shyl. O Father *Abraham*, what these *Christians* are !
Whose own hard Dealings teach 'em to suspect
The Truth of others. Pray tell me, should he fail
His Day, — what should I get by the Exaction
Of the Penalty ? A Pound of Man's Flesh !
Nor to be sold, nor eaten —

To buy his Favour, I propos'd these Terms.
Such as I thought could bear no wrong
Construction: But since you're so suspicious,
Fare you well.

[*Going.*

Anto. Stay SHYLOCK, I will seal as you propose.

Shyl. Then meet me at the Notary's, [*Returning.*
Give him Directions to prepare the Bond:
In the mean Time, I'll fetch the Ducats;
See to my House, lest some unthrifty Knave
Be on the Guard! *Christian*, thy Hand,
I'll presently be with you.

[*Exit Jew.*

Anto. Thou'rt now a very gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn *Christian*, he grows kind.

Bassa. I like not yet the Terms.

' A Villain, when he most seems kind,
' Is most to be suspected.

Anto. There is not the least Danger, nor can be,
' Or if there were, what is a Pound of Flesh,
' What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,
' To purchase my Friend's Quiet! Heav'n still is good
' To those who seek the Good of others: Come,
' BASSANIO,
' Be chearful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow:

' Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,
' The noblest is, the God-like Power to give.

[*Exeunt.*

The E N D of the FIRST A C T.

A C T

 ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter SHYLOCK and JESSICA.

I Am bid forth to Supper, JESSICA,
 There are my Keys ; but wherefore should I go !
 I am not bid for Love : They flatter me,
 But then I'll go in Hate : To feed upon
 The Prodigal *Christian*.

I am right loth to go, there is some Ill
 A brewing towards me : I dreamt last Night
 Of Money-Bags. JESSICA ! my Girl, look to my
 House,

They say, there will be Masques : Hear you me, JES-
 SICA,

Lock up my Doors — And when you hear the Drum,
 Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,
 Clamber not you up to the Casement then,
 Nor thrust your Head into the publick Streets,
 To gaze on *Christian* Fools, with varnish'd Faces ;
 But stop the Windows close ; nor look, nor listen,
 Let not the Sound of shallow Foppery enter
 My sober House. By *Jacob's* Staff I swear,
 I have no Mind of feasting forth to Night :
 Well, JESSICA, — go in — perhaps I will return
 Immediately. Do as I bid you, shut Doors after

You. Fast bind, fast find. *[Exit SHYLOCK.]*

Jess. Alas! what Sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?
' But how can he be said to have given me Life,
' Who never suffer'd me to know
' What 'tis to live? O LORENZO!
' Keep but thy Word to Night, and thou shalt be,
' A Father, and a Husband, both to me. *[Exit.]*

Enter LORENZO and GRATIANO.

Loren. Here she directs
How I shall take her from her Father's House,
What Gold and Jewels she is furnish'd with,
And how she'll be disguis'd: Oh! 'tis the kindest
Creature: If ere the *Jew* her Father comes to Heav'n,
It must be for his gentle Daughter's Sake.
Oh! never may Misfortune cross her Foot,
For that she is the Issue of a *Jew*.

Grat. ' Young, Handsom, Willing, with Gold and
' Jewels to boot!
' Plague on't, when shall I have such Luck?

Enter JESSICA, in the Balcony.

Jess. Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty:
Albeit, I swear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repetition of your Name.

Lor. LORENZO, and thy Love.

Jess. LORENZO certain, and my Love indeed;
For who love I so much? But ah! who knows
But you, LORENZO, whether I am your's?

Lor.

Lor. Heaven and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou art.

Jessi. Here ! catch this Casket, it is worth the Pains,
I'm glad 'tis Night ? you look, but cannot see me,
For I am much ashamed of what I am ;
' But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see.
' The Follies that themselves commit.

Lor. Come down, my Love.

Jessi. I will make fast the Doors, and gild myself
With some few Ducats more, and then be with you.
[Exit.

Grat. Now, by my Soul a *Gentile*, and no *Jew*,
' She robs her Father with a *Christian's* Grace.

Lor. Bewhew me, but I love her from my Soul !
For she is fair, or else my Eyes are false :
And true she is. What Proofs could she give more ?
And, Oh ! she's kind ; she loves me, and I love.
' A greater Bliss, scarce Heaven itself can boast,
' Than mutual Love.

Enter JESSICA, shutting the Door after her.

Jessi. ' Shut Doors after you ; fast bind, fast find,
' These were his last Words : Thus I avoid the
' Curse of Disobedience : Be thou shut till I
' Open thee.

Lor. ' So whilst old *Laban* snor'd in Bed,
' *Jacob* with sprightly *Rachel* fled.

Jessi. ' His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,
' And eke the Flower of every Flock.

[Holds up a Bag.

Lor. ‘ But not one precious Thing was there
‘ That could with JESSICA compare.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Fye, fye, my Friends, why do you loiter thus!
GRATIANO and LORENZO, for Shame make Haste:
BASSANIO frets, that you are wanting,
He has sent twenty times to look you out.

Grat. ‘ Matters of State, ANTONIO! Matters of
‘ State,
‘ A Rape and a Robbery! Matters of State,
‘ Matters of State, ANTONIO!

Ant. Away, away, for Shame.

Lor. Farewell, GRATIANO: Excuse me to BAS-
SANIO. [Exit.

Come, JESSICA, this must be your Way and mine. [Exeunt.

Grat. ‘ Jew, Turk, and Christian, differ but in
‘ Creed:

‘ In Ways of Wickedness, they’re all agreed:
‘ None upward clears the Road. They part and cail,
‘ But all jog on — unerring to the Devil.

[Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE opens and discovers BASSANIO, ANTONIO, SHYLOCK, and others, sitting, as at an Entertainment. Musick playing: During the Musick, GRATIANO enters, and takes his Place.

Anto. ' This to immortal Friendship; fill it up —
' Be thou to me, and I to my BASSANIO,
' Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,
' For ever link'd in Love.

Bassa. ' Thou join'st us well: And rightly hast
' compar'd:
' Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendship stands
' Constant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren Spot:
' Whilst like the liberal *Adriatick*, thou
' With Plenty bath'st my Shoars—
' My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.

Anto. ' My Friend's the noblest Bounty of my For-
' tune.
' Sound every Instrument of Musick there,
To our immortal Friendship.

[All drink. Loud Musick.

Bassa. ' Let Love be next, what else should
' Follow Friendship?
' To Love, and to Love's Queen, my charming POR-
' TIA,
' Fill; till the rosy Brim reflects her Lips:
' Then kiss the Symbol round,
' Oh! in this Lottery of Love, where Chance,

' Not

- ‘ Not Choice presides : Give, give, ye Powers, the
 ‘ Lot,
 ‘ Where she herself would place it : Crown her Wish,
 ‘ Tho’ Ruin and Perdition catch BASSANIO :
 ‘ Let me be wretched, but let her be bless’d.

[*Drink, and Musick again.*

Grat. ‘ Mine’s a short Health : Here’s to the Sex
 ‘ in general :

- ‘ To Woman, be she black, or brown, or fair :
 ‘ Plump, slender, tall, or middle-statur’d —
 ‘ Let it be Woman : and ’tis all I ask.

[*Drink again. Musick as before.*

- Sbyl. ‘ I have a Mistress, that out-shines ’em all —
 ‘ Commanding yours, — and yours, — tho’ the whole
 ‘ Sex :

- ‘ O! may her Charms encrease and multiply ;
 ‘ My Money is my Mistress! Here’s to
 ‘ Interest upon Interest.

[*Drinks.*

Anto. ‘ Let Birds and Beasts of Prey howl to such
 ‘ Vows,

- ‘ All generous Notes be hush’d : Pledge thyself, Jew :
 ‘ None here will stir the Glass — [All rise.
 ‘ Nor shall the Musick sound : O BASSANIO
 ‘ There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart
 ‘ Which Wine cannot remove : I know not,
 But Musick ever makes me thus.

Bassa. The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive :
 For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd,
 Or Race of skittish and unhandled Colts,
 Fetching and Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 If they but hear by Chance some Trumpet sound,
 Or any Air of Musick touch their Ears,

You

You strait perceive 'em make a mutual Stand,
 Their savage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,
 By the soft Power of Musick : Therefore the Poet
 Did feign, that *Orpheus* melted Stones and Rocks :
 For what so hard, so stubborn, or so fierce,
 But Musick, for the Time, will change it's Nature ?
 The Man, who has not Musick in his Soul,
 Or is not touch'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
 Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils :
 The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,
 And his Affections dark as *Erebus* ;
 Let no such Man be trusted — Mark the Musick.

*Here to be a complete Concert of Vocal and Instrumental
 Musick, after the Italian Manner.*

The Concert ceasing.

Anto. ' With such an Air of true Magnificence,
 ' My noble minded Brother treats his Friends,
 ' As hardly has been known to *Italy*,
 ' Since *Pompey* and *Lucullus* entertain'd :
 ' To frame thy Fortune ample as thy Mind,
 ' New Worlds should be created.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Master of the Ship sends Word, the
 Wind is
 Come about : And he desires you would haste Aboard.
Bass. turning to Anto.] ' Oh, my lov'd Friend ! 'till
 ' now I never knew

' The

' The Pangs of parting Friendship.
 ' At Distance I have tasted of the Pain,
 ' When the rude Morn has sunder'd us away,
 ' To our Repose : But, by my Soul, I swear
 ' Even then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,
 ' Repugnant still to close, and shut out thee.

Anto. ' You go for your Advantage, and that
 ' Thought

' Shall keep ANTONIO comforted.

Bass. ' The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* short,
 ' And Letters may come daily : Such Intercourse
 ' Is all the Cordial absent Friends enjoy :
 ' Fail not in that. Your Trouble shall be short,
 ' I will return with the best Speed I can.

Anto. ' Be not too hasty, my BASSANIO, neither ;
 Slubber not Business for my Sake, my Friend,
 ' But stay the very ripening of thy Love.
 ' Be gay, assiduous, and employ such Arts,
 ' As best incline the Fair : Love is not seiz'd, but
 ' won ;
 ' Hard is the Labour ; you must plant and prune,
 ' And watch Occasion just : This Fruit is nice,
 ' 'Twill promise Wonders, and grow fairly up ;
 ' Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then
 ' A sudden Blast spoils all.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. ' The Master of the Ship has sent agen.

Bass. ' One more Embrace : To those who know
 ' not Friendship

' This may appear unmanly Tendernefs ;

' But

‘ But ’tis the Frailty of the bravest Minds.

Anto. ‘ I ask but this, BASSANIO ;

‘ Give not your Heart so far away,

‘ As to forget your Friend.

‘ Come, is all ready ? I must hasten you.

Grat. ‘ If you were ready to part,

‘ ’Tis all we stay for now.

Bass. ‘ SHYLOCK, thy Hand, be gentle to my
‘ Friend,

‘ Fear not thy Bond, it shall be justly paid,

‘ We soon shall meet again,

‘ Always, I hope, good Friends.

‘ Oh, my ANTONIO ! ’tis hard, tho’ for a Moment,

‘ To lose the Sight of what we love.

Shyl. aside.] ‘ These two *Christian* Fools put me in
‘ mind

‘ Of my Money : Just so loth am I to part with that.

Bass. ‘ GRATIANO, lead the Way : SHYLOCK,
‘ once more farewell.

‘ We must not part, but at the Ship, ANTONIO :

‘ Lovers and Friends, should they for Ages stay,

‘ Would still find something left that they would say.

[*Exeunt.*

The END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PORTIA, BASSANIO, NERISSA,
GRATIANO, *and their Train.* NERIS-
SA, GRATIANO *discourse apart.*

Bass. **W**HY if two Gods should play some
Heav'nly Match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,
And PORTIA one, there must be something more
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Has not her Equal: But, alas! the while
Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Who were the better Man? The greater Throw
Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So were a Giant worsted by a Dwarf;
And so may I, having no Guide but Chance,
' Mifs that, which one unworthier may obtain,
' And die with the Despair.

Port. Therefore forbear to choose, pause for a while,
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
You lose for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;
For something tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not lose you: I could teach you
How to choose right: But then I am forsworn,
So will I never be.

' Yet

' Yet should you miss me,
 ' I should repent that I was not forsworn :
 I speak too much ; tho' Thought will have no Bound,
 ' A Virgin's Tongue should shame to hint a Thought,
 ' At which a Virgin's Cheek should blush.
 Think it not Love, yet think it what you please,
 So you defer a Month or two :
 ' For fain I would detain you as a Friend,
 ' Whom as a Lover I might lose,
 ' Should you persist to venture the rash Throw.
 ' 'Tis better still to doubt, and still to hope,
 ' Than knowing of our Fates, to know
 ' That we have lost for ever.

Bass. ' Doubt is the worst Estate : 'Tis better once
 ' To die, than still to live in Pain.
 ' Desire is fierce, nor brooks the least Delay.
 ' Fortune and Love befriend me : I'm resolv'd.
 My Life, and all my Earthly Happiness
 Sits on the Chance : Where may I find the Casket ?

Portia. ' Yet, let me persuade you : If for yourself
 ' You cannot fear, tremble for her —
 ' For her, to whom you have so often sworn,
 ' More than yourself, you love her ; Think ! Oh,
 ' think !

' On PORTIA's Fate : Who may not only lose
 ' The Man, by whom she wishes to be won,
 ' But being lost to him, remain expos'd
 ' To some new Choice ; another must possess
 ' What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law !
 ' Lost to each other were a cruel Doom,
 ' But 'tis our least Misfortune. I may live
 ' To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you

' May

‘ May live to see it.

Bass. ‘ To love, and to be lov’d, yet not possess,
 ‘ No greater Curse could be, but what thou fear’st;
 ‘ Yet I will on: With double Flames I burn,
 ‘ Knowing that PORTIA loves me; all my Fear
 ‘ Was for her Love: Secure of that I go
 ‘ Secure of the Reward. Lead me to the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, and find out where PORTIA’s
 lock’d:

‘ Thy Courage is an Omen of Success,
 ‘ If Love be just, he’ll teach thee where to choose.
 NERISSA, shew him, since he is resolv’d;
 The rest stand all aloft, whilst Musick plays,
 That if he lose, like Swans we may expire
 In softest Harmony: But if he win,
 Ah! What is Musick then? Then Musick is
 Even as the Flourish, when true Subjects bow
 To a new crown’d Monarch: Such it is,
 As are those Dulcet Sounds at Break of Day,
 That steal into the dreaming Bridegroom’s Ear,
 And summon him to Joy: See where he goes
 With no less Presence, but with much more Love,
 Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
 The Virgin Tribute paid, by weeping *Troy*,
 To the Sea-Monster: I, like the Victim stand,
 The rest aloof, like the *Dardanian* Wives,
 With blotted Visages come forth, to view
 The Issue of the Exploit. Go, *Hercules*,

‘ Love, that inflames thy Heart, inspire thy Eyes,
 ‘ To choose aright where PORTIA is the Prize.

PORTIA

PORTIA and the rest stand at a Distance, observing
soft Musick. 'Till re-enter BASSANIO, in each
Hand a Casket.

Bass. Who chooses me, shall get what he deserves,
The like Inscription bears this Silver Casket.
Shall get what he deserves; who choose by outward
Shew,

Entic'd by gilded Baits and flattering Forms,
Who look not to th' interior: But like the Martlet,
Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,
Even in the Force and Road of Casualty,
What may their Merit be? Agen let me consider,

[Walks about thinking.

Grat. Take the Gold, Man, or the Silver: Plague
on't,

Would I were to choose for him.

Bass. Shall get what he deserves: Let none presume
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.

Oh! that Estates, Degrees and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear Honour
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer!
How many then would cover who stand bare!
How many be commanded, who command!
How much low Peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true Seed of Honour! and how much Ho-
nour

Pick'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
To be new varnish'd! Let me not be rash,
There yet remains a Third: Well will I weigh
Ere I resolve.

[Exit
Grat.

Grat. 'Take the Gold, I say ; Pox on Lead ;
 ' what is it good
 ' For, but to make Bullets ? 'Tis the Image of
 ' Death and Destruction.

Re-enter BASSANIO with a Casket of Lead.

Bass. The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament :
 In Law, what Plea so tainted or corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious Voice,
 And cover'd with fair specious Subtleties,
 Obscures the Shew of Reason. ' In Religion,
 What damn'd Error, but some sober Brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a Text.
 There is no Vice so artless, but assumes
 Some Mark of Vertue on its outward Parts,
 Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament.
 How many Cowards, with Livers white as Milk,
 Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
 The Beard of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* !
 Look even on Beauty : What are those crisped Locks
 That make such wanton Gambols with the Wind ?
 What but the Dowry of a second Head ;
 The Skull that bred 'em in the Sepulchre.
 ' Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf
 ' Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gawdy Gold,
 Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee :
 Nor none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge,
 'Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou meagre Lead,
 ' Which rather threaten'st, than dost promise ought,
 ' Thy Sullenness moves more than Eloquence,
 And here I fix : Joy be the Consequence.

Grat.

Grat. ' Undone, undone : I'll not stand to't,

' NERISSA. I'll

' Chuse for myself.

Portia. *aside.*] How all the other Passions fleet to
Air,

As doubtful Thoughts, and rash embrac'd Despair,

Tormenting Fears, and green-ey'd Jealousy.

O Love ! be moderate ; allay this Extacy.

In Measure pour thy Joy, stint this Excess :

I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less.

For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here ? [Opening the Casket.

The Portraiture of PORTIA.

What Demi-God has come so near Creation ? Move
these Eyes !

Or whether, riding on the Balls of mine,

Seem they in Motion ? Here are sever'd Lips,

Parted with sweetest Breath : ' The very Odour

' Seems there express'd, and thus invites the Taste !

[Kissing the Picture.

And here again, here in her lovely Hair,

The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven

A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men :

' But then her Eyes !

' How could he gaze undazzled upon them,

' And see to imitate ? Let me peruse the Motto.

Reads.] ' Who chooses me ; let him whose Fate it
is,

' Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiss.

A gentle Scroll : Fair Lady, by your Leave.

I come, by Note, to give and to receive,

Like one of two contending for a Prize,

Who

Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark
(Hearing Applause, and universal Shout)

Whether those Peals of Praise are meant to him :

So stands BASSANIO, full of Hopes and Fears,

‘ Still anxious what to trust, and what believe,

‘ ‘Till you confirm his Hopes.

Portia. ‘ Had Choice decided, and not only Chance.

‘ As Fortune has dispos’d me, so had I.

Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now converted. But now I was the Lady

Of this fair Mansion, Mistress of these Servants,

Queen o’er myself, even now ; and in a Moment

This House, these Servants, and myself, their Queen,

Are yours, my Lord. I plight ’em with this Ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it preface the Ruin of your Love,

‘ And stand, as a Record, that you were false,

‘ A Follower of my Fortunes, not of me,

‘ And never meant me fair.

Bass. ‘ Die first, BASSANIO. My Mistress, and
‘ my Queen,

‘ As absolute as ever shall you reign.

‘ Not as the Lord, but Vassal of your Charms ;

‘ Not as a Conqueror, but Acquisition ;

‘ Not one to lessen, but enlarge your Power ;

‘ No more but this, the Creature of your Pleasure ;

‘ As such receive the passionate BASSANIO.

Oh ! there is that Confusion in my Powers,

As Words cannot express : But when this Ring

Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence :

Then say, and be assur’d, BASSANIO’s dead.

GRATIANO and NERISSA seem in earnest Dispute.

Grat. ' I say a Bargain's a Bargain, and I will have
' Justice.

Ner. I say, we drew Stakes.

Grat. ' That was only in Case I had lost, Child.

Portia. A Dispute between our Friends! What's
the Matter, Cousin?

Grat. I'll tell you, Madam, the Matter in short,
and you shall be Judge :

' I happen'd to say to this Lady, that it was her De-
' stiny to

' Have me; she consented to put it to Tryal, and
' agreed

' To be determined by the Choice, my Friend should
' make

' If he had you --- I should have her; and here

' Stand I to claim her Promise.

Portia. Is this true, NERISSA? ?

Ner. ' Aye! but he recanted, and said afterwards, he

' Would chuse for himself.

' Grat. ' Why sure so I can, now I know the right
' Casket.

' What sort of a Tramontane, do you take me to

' Be?. You are gone that Way too, as I take it.

Ner. ' Then, Madam, all my Hope is, that you
' won't let

' Me keep my Word.

Grat. ' 'Tis false, to my certain Knowledge she
hopes

Otherwise --- NERISSA! we'll play with 'em the first
Boy

Boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. 'Methinks this looks like the last Act of a
' Play.

' All Parties are agreed ; there remains nothing but

' To draw the Curtain and put out the Lights.

Grat. ' A good Hint, my Love : Let you and I
' make our *Exit*

' About that same last Act, as you call it.

Bass. ' I rejoice, GRATIANO, that my good For-
' tune

' Thus included yours.

' Oh ! that ANTONIO knew of our Success.

' It would o'er-joy him. Pr'ythee, GRATIANO,

' Send a Special Messenger to *Venice*,

' To inform him of our Fortunes ---

' SHYLOCK shall now be paid, my Friend is safe,

' And Happiness, on every Side surrounds us.

GRATIANO going out, meets LORENZO, JESSICA,
and a Servant from ANTONIO entring.

Grat. LORENZO, and his pretty Infidel,
SALERIO too, ANTONIO's Servant : If I mistake
him not.

' Look here, BASSANIO : Here is News from *Ve-
nice*.

Bass. LORENZO. Welcome ! SALERIO too !
What News

' From my ANTONIO ? Oh, 'tis the best of Friends !

Y'are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,

Tho' my Interest here be yet but young, I

Take upon me to bid my Friends most welcome.

Portia.

Portia. So do I, my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. We thank you, Madam : For my Part, my Lord,

My Purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with *SALERIO* by the Way,
He needs would have me come.

Sal. I did, my Lord, desire it, and had a Reason
for it :

Seignior *ANTONIO* commends him to you.

Bass. ' How does my Friend ?'

Sal. ' This Letter will inform you.

BASSANIO reads to himself, and seems concern'd.

Grat. *NERISSA*, bid this Stranger Welcome :
Your Hand, *LORENZO* : and yours, *SALERIO*.
What's the News from *Venice* ? We are the *Jasous*
Who have won the Fleece : *ANTONIO* will rejoice
At our Success.

Sal. Would you had won the Fleece which he has
lost.

Portia. There are some shrewd Contents in that same
Paper,
Which steal the Colour from *BASSANIO*'s Cheek :
' Some great Misfortune sure : No common Cause
' Could thus disturb him at this Time. Still worse
' and worse.

With Leave, *BASSANIO*, I am half yourself,
And freely must have half of any thing
That this same Letter brings you.

Bass. O my *PORTIA* ! Here are a few of the most
fatal Words

That ever blotted Paper —

When I did first impart my Love, I told you
That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.
When I said nothing, I should then have said
That I was worse than nothing : For indeed
I have engag'd myself to my best Friend ;
Engag'd my Friend to his worst Enemy,
To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, *SALERIO* ?
Have all his Ventures fail'd ? What not one Hit !
From *Tripoly*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessel 'scape !

Sal. Not one, my Lord.

Portia. Is it your Friend who is thus troubled ?

Bass. The dearest Friend to me ! The kindest Man !
The best condition'd, most unwearied Spirit
In doing Good ; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* Honour more appears,
' For liberal Love and bounteous Courtesy,
' Than any that has breath'd in *Italy*
' Since *ANTONY* and *BRUTUS*.

Portia. What is the Sum ?

Bassa. For me three thousand Ducats,
' Rais'd to transport me hither.

Portia. What ! no more !

' And rais'd on my Account ? 'Tis then my Debt ;
Pay him six thousand, double six thousand.
And then treble that, before a Friend should suffer,
Or lose a Hair thro' my *BASSANIO*'s Fault :
You shall away to *Venice* to your Friend ;
For never shall you lie by *PORTIA*'s Side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold

To

To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.

NERISSA, and myself, mean while will live

As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,

'For I will have it thus.

Bass. 'O Love, O Friendship!

'Was ever Man thus tortur'd!

Grat. 'What! Not one Quarter of an Hour to pack

'up

'My Baggage?

Ner. 'Whereabouts is the last Act now, GRATIANO?

Grat. 'Faith, Child, I have the Part ready,

'If I might have Leave to play it.

Portia. 'Away ye Triflers.

'Nay then, BASSANIO, I must thrust you from me:

'Tis hard for both to be divided thus

'Upon our Wedding-Day. But Honour calls,

'And Love must wait. Honour, that still delights

'To tyrannize o'er Love. Farewel, my Lord,

'Be chearful in this Tryal: As you prove,

'Your Faith in Friendship, I shall trust your Love.

[She conducts him to the Door.]

[Exeunt BASSANIO and GRATIANO.]

Lor. Madam, if you knew to whom you shew this Honour!

How true a Lover of your Lord!

Portia. I never did repent of doing Good;

Nor shall I now: But we have much to do

In other Things: Therefore to you, LORENZO,

And to this Lady, whose Pardon I should crave,

For having stood so much un-noted by me,

I will commit, as to my Lord's best Friends,

The Husbandry and Conduct of my House
 Until my Lord's Return : For my own Part,
 I have to Heav'n breath'd a secret Vow,
 To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
 Only attended by NERISSA here,
 Until her Husband and my Lord come back.
 There is a Monastery two Miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this Imposition, which
 My Love, and some Necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all our Hearts,
 We will observe your Pleasure.

Portia. Come on, NERISSA ; I have Work in
 Hand

That thou yet knowest not of. BALTHAZAR,
 Thou art honest ; so let me find thee still.
 Follow me in : I have some short Directions
 For you all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Prison in VENICE.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and JAILER, with ANTONIO
 in Shackels.*

Shyl. JAILER, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy ;
 This is the Fool, who lent out Money *Gratis* ;
 Where is that Friend thou hast so much oblig'd
 Will own the now ? JAILER, I say,
 Look to him.

Anto.

Anto. Hear me yet, good SHYLOCK.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond : I have sworn an Oath, that I will have my Bond : Thou call'dst me Dog, Before thou hadst a Cause : But since I am a Dog, beware my Fangs.

Anto. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee speak : I'll not be made a soft relenting Fool, To shake the Head,*and sigh, and yield, and melt To *Christian* Intercessors : I'll have no speaking, I will have my Bond.

Anto. Thou wilt not take my Flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shyl. To bait Fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it

Will feed my Revenge : Thou hast disgrac'd me, Hindered me half a Million ; laugh'd at my Losses ; Repin'd at my Gains ; scorn'd my Nation ; Thwarted my Bargains ; cool'd my Friends ; Enflam'd my Enemies ; and what's the Reason ? I am a *Jew* --- Has not a *Jew* Eyes ? Has not A *Jew* Hands ! Organs, Dimensions, Senses, Affections,

Passions ? Fed with the same Food, hurt with The same Weapons, subject to the same Diseases, Heal'd by the same Means, warm'd and cool'd, By the same Winter and Summer as a *Christian* ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you Tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, Do we not die ? And if you wrong us, shall We not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, We will resemble you in that : For if a *Jew*

Wrong a *Christian*, what is his Humility,
 Revenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what
 Should his Sufferance be by a *Christian* Example?
 Why, Revenge. The Charity you practise, I will
 Imitate: and it shall go hard, but I will improve
 By the Instruction.

Anto. Thou art the most impenetrable Cur
 That ever kept with Men.

Shyl. My Daughter too! None knew so well as you
 of my
 Daughter's Flight. Why there, there, there is a
 Diamond gone, cost me Two thousand Ducats in
Frankfort.

A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of *Leah*,
 When I was a Batchelor; besides Gold, and many
 other

Precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead
 At my Foot, so the Jewels were in her Ears;
 Would she were Hears'd, so the Ducats were in the
 Coffin. No News, and I know not how much
 Spent in the Search: Loss upon Loss. The Thief gone
 With so much, and so much to find the Thief;
 And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art
 Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole Thief's Bill.
 Thou, who wast wont to lend out Money for a

Christian
 Courtesy: thou *Christian* Fool, pay thy Debts:
 JAILER, I say, look to him.

[*Thrusts him after the* JAILER, and *Exeunt.*

The E N D of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Court of Justice. The DUKE and Nobles seated.
Officers of the Court attending ANTONIO as a
Prisoner, BASSANIO and GRATIANO.*

Duke. WHAT is ANTONIO here ?

Anto. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A Stony Adversary ; an inhumane Wretch,
Incapable of Pity. Go one, and call the Jew
Into the Court.

Enter SAYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
Face.

SHYLOCK, the World does think, and so do I,
That thou but lead'st this Fashion of thy Malice
To the last Hour of Act ; and then, 'tis hop'd,
Thou'lt shew thy Mercy, and Remorse, as strange
As is thy strange apparent Cruelty,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his Back,
Enow to press a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiseration of his State
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

H 4

To

‘ To Offices of tender Courtesy.

We all expect a gentle Answer, *Jew*.

Shyl. I have possess’d your Grace, of what I purpose,
And by our Holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond :
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter, and the City’s Freedom :
You’ll ask me why I rather choose to have
A Weight of Carrion-flesh, than to receive
Three thousand Ducats ; I reply to that,
It is my Humour : Is that Question answer’d ?
What if my House be troubled with a Rat,
And I am pleas’d to give Ten thousand Ducats
To have it ban’d ; What ! Are you answer’d yet ?
My Humour is my Reason. Are you answer’d ?

Bass. This is no Answer, thou hard-hearted Man.

Anto. I pray you think you question with a *Jew* ;
You may as well expostulate with Wolves ;
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the Waves be still, and Winds be hush’d ;
Forbid the Mountain Pines to stir a Leaf,
When the rude Gusts of Heav’n are whistling round.
You may as well do any Thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, than which what harder ?
His *Jewish* Heart : Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more Offers, use no farther Means,
But with all brief and plain Conveniency,
Let me have Judgment, and the *Jew* his Will.

Bass. For thy Three thousand Ducats here are Six.

Shyl. If every Ducat in Six thousand Ducats,
Were in six Parts, and every Part a Ducat,
I would not draw ’em : I will have my Bond.

Duke.

Duke. How may'st thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring none?

Shyl. What Judgments shall I dread, doing no Wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Whom, like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject, and in slavish Part,
Because you bought 'em: Shall I say to you,
Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs:
Why sweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
Be made as soft as yours; and let their Palates
Be season'd with such Dainties. You will answer,
The Slaves are ours: So do I answer you.
The Penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, Shame upon your Laws,
There is no Force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for Judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. The Court will first advise. Here is a Letter

From fam'd BELLARIO, which does much commend
A young and learned Doctor in our Court,
Whose Wisdom shall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the Council

Bass. Fear not, ANTONIO: This greedy Dog
Shall have my Flesh, Blood, Sinews, Bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose one Drop of Blood for me.

To SHYLOCK] Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly?

Shyl. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

Bass. Can no Prayers pierce thee?

Shyl. None that thou hast Wit enough to make.

Bass. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable *Jew*!
 And that thou liv'st, let Justice be accus'd ;
 ' And Heaven accus'd that such a Wretch was born.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my Faith,
 To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
 That Souls of Animals infuse themselves
 Into the Trunks of Men : Thy Curriſh Spirit
 Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for human Slaughter,
 Even from the Gallows, did his fell Soul fleet,
 And whilst thou layd'st in thy unhallow'd Dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the Seal from off my Bond
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speak so loud :
 ' Thy Curses fall on thy own Head, for thus
 ' Ensnaring thy best Friend, thou didst it, and not I.
 ' I stand for Law : Thy Prodigality brought him
 To this.

Bass. ' Inhumane Dog !

Officer. Room for the Council there.

*Enter PORTIA disguis'd like a Lawyer, NERISSA
 like her Clerk, with Bag and Papers.*

Duke. Take your Place.

Are you acquainted with the Difference,
 Which holds the present Question in the Court ?

Portia. I am instructed fully in the Case.

Which is ANTONIO, and which the *Jew* ?

Duke. ANTONIO, and old SHYLOCK, both stand
 forth.

Portia. Is your Name SHYLOCK ?

Shyl. SHYLOCK is my Name.

Portia.

Portia. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow.
Is the Bond prov'd? Or, does he confess it?

Anto. I do confess it.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shyl. On what Compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Portia. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
Upon the Place beneath: It is twice bless'd,
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: It becomes
The Crowned Monarch better than his Crown:
' It is the first of Sacred Attributes,
And Earthly Power does then seem most Divine,
When Mercy seasons Justice. I have spoke thus much:
To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
For if thou follow'st this strict Course of Law,
Then must ANTONIO stand condemn'd.

Shyl. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the Bond?

Bass. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court,
Twice, thrice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it Ten times over,
On Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
If this will not prevail, it must appear
That Malice bears down Truth.

Portia. There is no Power in Venice
Can alter a Decree establish'd:
'Twill be recorded for a Precedent;
And many an Error, by the same Example,
May rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shyl.

Shyl. A DANIEL, a DANIEL: so ripe in Wisdom,
And so young in Years! A second SOLOMON.

Portia. I pray you let me see the Bond.

Shyl. Here 'tis, Most Reverend Doctor. Here it is.

Port. SHYLOCK, there's thrice the Money offer'd
thee.

Shyl. An Oath, an Oath! I have an Oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul:

No, not for *Venice*.

Portia. Be merciful, take thrice the Money:
Bid me tear the Bond.

Shyl. It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;
You know the Law; your Exposition
Has been most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I swear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I do insist upon my Bond;
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

Anto. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To pass the Sentence.

Portia. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your Bosom for the Knife;
For the Intent and Purpose of the Law
Has full Relation to the Penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true. O wise, and upright Judge!

Portia. 'Prepare. ANTONIO: Officers, be ready
To lay bare his Bosom.

Shyl. Aye, his Breast, so says the Bond:
Does it not, Noble Doctor: Nearest his Heart:
Those are his Words.

Portia.

Portia. Have by some Surgeon, SHYLOCK, at your Charge,

To stop his Wound, lest he should bleed to Death.

Shyl. It is not nominated in the Bond.

Portia. Not so express'd in Words: But what of that?

'Twere good to allow so much for Charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.

Portia. Then do your Office.

Duke. ' Hold a while. ANTONIO,
Have you any thing to say to hinder Sentence?

Anto. But little, I am arm'd, and well prepar'd:
Give me your Hand, BASSANIO: Fare you well:
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein, Fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her Custom: It is still her Use
To let the wretched Man out-live his Wealth,
To view, with hollow Eye, and wrinkled Brow,
An Age of Poverty; from which lingring Penance
' She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewell:
' Grieve not, my Friend, that you thus lose a Friend,
' For I repent not thus to pay your Debt,
' Even with my Blood and Life: Now, do your Office,
' Cut deep enough be sure, and whet thy Knife
' With keenest Malice; for I would have my Heart
' Seen by my Friend.

Shyl. Doubt it not, *Christian*, thus far I will be courteous.

Duke. ANTONIO, is this all thou hast to say?

Anto. 'Tis all.

Bass. ' Stand off. I have a Word in his Behalf.
' Since even more than in his Avarice,
' In Cruelty, this Jew's insatiable:

' Here

' Here stand I for my Friend. Body for Body,
 ' To endure the Torture : But one Pound of Flesh
 ' Is due from him : Take every Piece of mine,
 ' And tear it off with Pincers: Whatever Way
 ' Invention can contrive to torture Man,
 ' Practise on me : Let but my Friend go safe,
 ' Thy Cruelty is limited on him.
 ' Unbounded let it loose on me : Say, *Jew*,
 ' Here's Interest upon Interest in Flesh :
 ' Will that content you ?

Anto. ' It may him, not me.

Bass. ' Cruel ANTONIO !

Anto. ' Unjust BASSANIO ! [*Jew laughs.*]

Bass. ' Why grins the Dog ?

Shyl. ' To hear a Fool propose : Thou shallow
 ' *Christian !*

' To think that I'd consent : I know thee well :
 ' When he has paid the Forfeit of his Bond,
 ' Thou can'st not chuse but hang thyself for being
 ' The Cause: And so my Ends are serv'd on both.
 ' Proceed to Execution.

Bass. Then thus I interpose.

[*Draws, and stands before ANTONIO: The Jew
 starts back: ANTONIO interposes.*]

Anto. ' Forbear, BASSANIO, this is certain Death
 ' To both.

Bass. ' In one, both die : Since it must be
 ' No Matter how.

Duke. ' Before our Face this Insolence ! And in a
 ' Court

' Of Justice. Disarm, and seize him.

Portia.

Portia. ' Spare him, my Lord ; I have a Way to
' tame him.

' Hear me one Word.

Shyl. ' Hear, hear the Doctor : Now for a Sentence
' To sweep these *Christian* Vermin, coupled
' To the Shambles. O, 'tis a SOLOMON !

Portia. Hark you, SHYLOCK, I have view'd this
Bond,
And find it gives thee not one Drop of Blood.
The Words expressly are, *A pound of Flesh*.
No more. Take thou that *Flesh*,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One Drop of *Christian* Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are, by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me,
Confiscate to the State.

[SHYLOCK starts, surpriz'd.

Shyl. Humph.

Bass. O, upright Judge ! Mark, *Jew*. O, lear-
ned Judge !

' Forgive, most Potent DUKE, and Reverend Seigniors,
' That thus enforc'd by my Despair ----

Duke. ' We do forgive thee, and admire thy Vertue
' More than we blame thy Passion. But proceed.

Portia. SHYLOCK, thyself shall see the Act,
And Letter of the Law : For as thou urgest Justice,
Be sure thou shalt have Justice.

Shyl. I take this Offer then ; pay the Bond thrice,
And let the *Christian* go.

Bass. Here is the Money.

Portia. Soft ! the *Jew* shall have all Justice : Soft,
no Haste !
He shall have nothing but the Penalty.

Grat.

Grat. 'A DANIEL! A DANIEL! Now, Infidel,
We have thee on the Hip.

Portia. Why does the *Jew* pause? Take thy Forfeiture.

Shyl. Give me my Principal, and let me go.

Portia. He has refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have merely Justice, and his Bond.

Shyl. Shall I not have barely my Principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have barely thy Forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy Peril, *Jew*.

Shyl. Why then the Devil give you good of it:
I'll stay no longer Question ---

Portia. Tarry, *Jew*.

The Law has yet another Hold of you:

It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an Alien,

That by direct, or indirect Attempt,

He seek the Life of any Citizen,

The Party against whom he shall contrive,

Shall seize on half his Goods: The other half

Comes to the privy Coffers of the State?

And the Offender's Life lies in the Mercy

Of the DUKE only, against all other Voice;

In which Predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest Proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too

Thou had'st contriv'd against the very Life

Of the Defendant; and therefore hast incurr'd

These several Penalties of Life and Goods.

Duke. That thou may'st see the Difference of our
Spirits,

I pardon thee thy Life, before thou ask it;

But

But half thy Wealth shall be ANTONIO's,
The other half the State's.

Shyl. Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:
You take my House: when you do take the Prop
That does sustain my House: You take my Life,
When you do take the Means by which I live.

Duke. What Mercy can you render him, ANTONIO?

Anto. So please my Lord the DUKE
To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in Use, to render it, upon
His Death, to young LORENZO,
Who lately has espous'd his Daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The Pardon of his Life.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou
say?

Shyl. Pray give me Leave to go from hence;
I am not well: Send after me your Deeds,
And I will sign 'em.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

Portia. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[*The DUKE and Court rise.*

Duke. 'ANTONIO, I rejoice at this Conclusion;
'And I congratulate with you, BASSANIO,
'Your Friend's Escape: You will do well
To gratify that learned Counsellor,
For in my Mind you both are in his Debt.

[*Exit DUKE with his Train, the Court breaking up.*

Bass.

Bass. ' Let me embrace the Man, by whom my
' Friend

' Has Life : For in that Life I live ----
Three thousand Ducats due on SHYLOCK's Bond,
I freely offer to requite your Pain.

Anto. And stand indebted over and above
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.

Portia. He is well paid, who is well satisfied,
My Mind was never yet more mercenary :
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen :
I wish you well, and take my Leave.

Bass. Not as a Fee, but as a small Remembrance ;
' A Token of our Loves and Gratitude.

Portia. Give me your Gloves : I'll wear 'em for
your Sake,
Or else that Ring -----

Bass. This Ring ! Alas, it is a Trifle ;
' Not fit for me to give, or you to take.

Portia. I see, Sir, you are liberal in Offers :
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks,
You teach me how a Beggar should be answer'd,

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
Value :

The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out, by Proclamation :
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Portia. Such slight Excuses well I understand.
Well ----- Peace be with you both.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Anto. My Lord BASSANIO, let him have the Ring ;
Let his Deservings, and my Love withal,
' Be valu'd against every other Scruple.

Bass.

Bass. Pr'ythee, GRATIANO, run and overtake him ;
Give him the Ring ; and bring him if thou can'st,
To my ANTONIO's House. ---- Away, make haste.
[Exit GRATIANO.]

' Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcome
' to Life,
' And welcome to my Arms, thou best of Men :
' Thus of my Love, and of my Friend, possessest
' With such a double Shield upon my Breast,
' Fate cannot pierce me now, securely blest.

*As they go off, re-enter PORTIA and NERISSA ;
GRATIANO following.*

Grat. Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken ;
My Lord BASSANIO, upon more Advice,
Has sent you here the Ring ; and does entreat
Your Company at Dinner.

Portia. For that he must excuse me : His Ring
I do accept with Thanks ; and so, pray tell him :
And furthermore oblige my Clerk to shew him
SHYLOCK's House ---- These Writings he must sign.

Grat. That I will do : 'Tis a pert, pretty Youth,
I had much Talk with him, during the Tryal.

Ner. Aside.] Now will I see if I can get a Ring
I gave him too at parting, which he swore
As much never to part from.

Portia. Thou may'st, I warrant : we shall have old
Swearing, that they gave these Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-swear 'em too.

Aloud.] Make haste, I pray ; Thou know'st where I
Will tarry.

Grat.

Grat. ' Come on, Sir ; The first Cause I have to
' split,

' You shall have all my Practice.

Ner. ' That may be sooner than you dream of ;

' Sir, I follow you.

' So many Shapes have Women for Deceit,

' That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.

[Exeunt.]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. **T**HE Moon shines bright. In such a Night
as this

Did penfive *Troilus* mount the *Trojan* Wall,
Sighing his Soul towards the *Grecian* Tents,
Where beauteous *Cressid* lay -----

Jessi. In such a Night ----
Sad *Dido*, with a Willow in her Hand,
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage* ----

Lor. In such a Night *Medea* gather'd the enchanted
Herbs, that did renew old *Æson*.

Jessi. In such a Night,
Did young LORENZO swear to JESSICA
He lov'd her well, and stole away her Soul
With many a Vow, and ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a Night ----

Jessi. In such a Night ---- } *Both together.*

I would out-Night you. But hark !

I hear a Footing.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. That Light we see is burning in my Hall

Lor.

166 *The* JEW of VENICE.

Lor. 'Tis sure the Voice of PORTIA.

Portia. He knows me as the blind Man does the Cuckow,

By the bad Voice. LORENZO, is it you?

Lor. Madam, you are most welcome.

Portia. We have been praying for my Lord's Success,

Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs:
Is he return'd?

Lor. Madam, not yet. But here are Letters from him,

Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,
And that he will be here to Night;
We were walk'd out to wait his coming.

Portia. Give order to my Servants, that they take
No Note at all of our being absent hence;
And let our Musick play, and every thing
So direct as we were here in formal Expectation
Of his Return ----

This Night, methinks, is but the Day-light sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
Followers.

Bass. We should hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Absence of the Sun.

' My PORTIA, this was kind to meet me thus.

Portia. ' O never more let any Use of Grief
' Divide my Lord and me.

[GRA-

[GRATIANO runs to NERISSA, who discourse apart.]

Bass. Nothing can : Here, Madam, is my Friend,
Let me present him to you : This is ANTONIO,
Whom, if you love BASSANIO, you must love.

Portia. ' I should behold him with a jealous Eye,
' Who has so large a Share in my Lord's Heart.

To Anto.] ' Having his Leave, you'll not deny me
' yours,

' To make a Third in Friendship : I doubly joy
' That you are safe, and here.

Anto. I thank you, Madam.

Portia. Play all our Instruments of Musick there,
' Let nothing now be heard but Sounds of Joy,
And let those glorious Orbs that we behold,
Who in their Motions, all like Angels sing,
Still Choring to the blue-ey'd Cherubims,
' Join in the Chorus; that in Heav'n and Earth
' One universal Tune may celebrate
' This Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stilness, and the
' Night
' Become the Touches of sweet Harmony.

Fleurish of Musick.

Grat. By yonder Moon and Stars, I swear you
wrong me,
By Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyer's Clerk.

Portia. A Quarrel ! What, already ! What's the
Matter ?

Grat.

Grat. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring she gave me,
Whose Poesie was, for all the World, like *Cutlers*
Poetry upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. No matter for the Poesie, or the Value.
When I gave it, you swore never to part with it :
If not for Love of me, yet for your Conscience Sake,
For your Oath's Sake, such vehement Oaths, you
Should have kept it. A *Lawyer's* Clerk ! A fine
Invention ! But well I know the Clerk who had it
Will ne'er have Hair upon his Face.

Grat. He will, if he but live to be Man !

Ner. If ! If a Woman live to be a Man !

Grat. Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a
kind

Of Boy ; a little scrubbed Boy, no higher
Than thyself ; the Judge's Clerk ; a prating
Boy, that begg'd it for a Fee.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with
you,

To make so slight of the first Gift of Love ;
A Thing stuck on with Oaths upon your Finger,
' And riveted with solemn Protestations
' Of mutual Faith : A Pledge of Truth between you :
' Indeed you were to blame.

I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it : And here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the whole World contains.

Bass. aside.] Now were I best to cut my Left-Hand
off,

And

And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Grat. My Lord BASSANIO gave his Ring away
To the young smock-fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,
' And deserv'd it too : And then, the Boy his Clerk,
' A little importunate Urchin, who took some Pains
In Writing, would needs beg mine ; and neither
Man nor Master would take any Thing but the two
Rings.

Portia. What Ring gave you, my Lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me.

Bass. If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,
I would deny it : But you see my Finger
Has not the Ring upon it ; it is gone.

Portia. And even as void is your false Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n ! I'll never come within your Bed,
'Till I have seen this Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, till I see mine.

Bass. If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,
' For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it ;
' How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
' When nothing else would be accepted ---

Portia. If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,
' If you had valued her, who gave this Ring,
Or your own Honour, bound by solemn Oath,
' To keep this Ring, you would have dy'd, BASSA-
' NIO,

' Ere you had parted from it :
What Man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any Shew of Zeal, wanted the Modesty
To urge a Thing, held as a Ceremony
Sacred to Truth, and to Connubial Love !

NERISSA teaches me what to believe ;
I'll die for't, but a Woman had this Ring.

Bass. No, by my Honour, Madam ; by my Soul,
No Woman had it : But a generous Friend,
Even he, who had held up the very Life
Of my best Friend. What shall I say, my PORTIA ?
I was beset with Shame and Courtesy.

Had you been there, you would yourself have begg'd
' This Ring, to be dispos'd as I dispos'd it.

Portia. Let not that Man, whoe'er he is, come
near me :

Since he has got the Jewel that I priz'd,
I shall become as liberal as you,
And nothing can deny the Man that has it.

' A Ring it was of wondrous Mystery
' And sanctify'd by Charms to rivet Love :
' Whoever has it, has the sure Command
' Of me, my Person, and of all that's mine :
' The dire Enchantment was so strongly wrought :
' One Mind directs us, and one Bed must hold us :
Know him I shall, I must ; nay, I will know him ;
' I feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by my Honour, which is yet entire,
' That Man and I are one.

Ner. ' Just such a Ring was mine :
' Methinks I love that Lawyer's Clerk already,
Just as I love myself.

Bass. ' Forgive me this first Fault ;
' I'll trust thy Honour above any Charms :
' My Love is built upon Esteem so strong,
' As cannot doubt your Vertue.

Gr at.

Grat. ' I am not quite so liberal of good Thoughts :
' But this I'll say, if I can catch this Clerk,
' His Pen shall split for't.

Anto. I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel
By my Perswasion -----

Portia. Sir, grieve not you ;
You're welcome notwithstanding

[*Walks about in a Passion.*]

Bass. ' But hear me, PORTIA :
' Pardon this Error ; by my Soul, I swear,
' By what is dearer to me than my Soul,
' Your precious self ----

Anto. I dare be bound for him ;
' My Life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
' Shall never more break Faith.

Portia. ' You have been oft his Surety, and
' Have paid for't dearly.

Anto. ' No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. ' Then be his Surety still : Here is a Ring,
' Of the same Virtue, and so qualified
' With equal Spells. This only can retrieve
' With Counter-Magick what the other lost.

ANTONIO, give him this : But make him swear
To keep it better.

Anto. Here, Lord BASSANIO : Swear to keep this
Ring,

Bass. By Heav'n !

[*Starts.*]

This is the same I gave the Lawyer.

Portia. Why so it is : I had it from him : ' You
see

' How quick an Operation is in Magick :

' We have met already.

I 2

Bass.

Bass. Met ! How have you met !

Ner. ' Met--Why by Art-Magick, to lie together :

' Ask that same scrubbed Boy, the Lawyer's Clerk.

Grat. ' Why this is worse, and worse.

Bass. ' ANTONIO ! This was your doing.

[*Angrily.*

Anto. ' Take your Revenge and kill me.

Bass. ' I am answer'd -- Is it then true ?

' And can it be ? That by the secret Workings

' Of Mystick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,

' Potions, and Invocations horrible,

' Nature can be so led ? What then is Vertue ?

' And what security has Love or Reason,

' Thus subjected to every Hell-born Hag,

' Who by such Conjurations can disjoin

' United Hearts ? Uniting the Averse !

' How, wretched Man ! How canst thou boast Free-
' Will ?

' If this in very Deed be true. I'll not suppos't ---

' But then that Ring ! How could she have it ! 'Tis
' Witchcraft !

' Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft ! and I will fathom
Hell,

' But I will find a Fiend shall Counter-work

' The Devil that has done this.

[PORTIA and NERISSA laugh.

Portia. } Ha, ha, ha.

Ner. }

Grat. ' Is this true, NERISSA ! Are we then two
' scurvy

' Cuckolds by Art-Magick ?

Portia.

Portia. ' Ha, ha, ha. Well ; since you grow so
' serious,

' I will be serious too : Read this, *BASSANIO*,
' The Adventure's writ at large : Look not so fullen,
' Lord,

' But read it. *LORENZO* here, and *JESSICA*
Can witness for me : I set out almost
Afoons as you. And am but even now return'd,
' I have not yet enter'd my House : But
' For farther Proof, Clerk, give *LORENZO*,
' The Writings sign'd by *SHYLOCK*.

Ner. I'll give 'em without Fee : Here, *LORENZO*,
Here is a Deed of Gift to you, and *JESSICA*,
Of all the *Jew*, your Father, dies possess'd of.

Lor. See, *JESSICA* ; Is this his Hand ?

Jessi. ' 'Tis his own Signing.

Lor. ' What Prodigy is this ?

Bass. ' I am struck dumb with Wonder !

Grat. ' Was *PORTIA* then the little Smirking
Lawyer,

' And *NERISSA* the Clerk ? I'll never forgive such a
' Trick. Art-Magick do you call it ?

Ner. ' Nay, but *GRATIANO*.

Grat. ' Away, away. [*Dispute aside.*]

Portia. *ANTONIO* ! Here are Letters too for you :
Ask me not yet, by what strange Accident
They fell into my Hands -- But read 'em.

Bass. ' Amazement has bereft me of all Words.

Anto. Why here I read, for certain, that my scat-
ter'd Ships,
Are safely all arriv'd at *Rhodes*,
With their whole Cargo.

Portia. Doubt it not, ANTONIO. 'Tis most true.
 ' Vertue like yours ; such Patience in Adversity ;
 ' And in Prosperity such Goodness,
 ' Is still the Care of Providence.

Anto. ' My Life and Fortunes have been all your
 Gift ;
 ' Dispose 'em, and command 'em, Madam,
 ' As you please.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA advance.

Ner. ' What, can you bear no Jest, but of your
 ' Own making ?

Grat. ' You have so scar'd me with your Art-Ma-
 ' gick,

' That I shall scarce be a true Man these two Days ;
 ' But therein lies my Revenge : and so shake
 ' Hands. From this Day forwards,

' As the most precious of all Gems, I swear !

' NERISSA's Ring shall be GRATIANO's Care.

Portia. ' All look amaz'd : In every Face I see
 ' A thousand Questions : 'Tis time we should go in ;
 ' There will I answer all : Cease your Astonishment,
 ' My Lord ; by these small Services to you,
 ' And to your Friends, I hope I may secure
 ' Your Love ; which, built upon meer Fancy,
 ' Had else been subjected to Alteration.

' With Age and Use the Rose grown sick and faint,
 ' Thus mix'd with friendly Sweets, secures its Scent.

Bass. ' The Sweets of Love shall here for ever blow ;
 ' I needs must love, remembring what I owe.

LOVE,

‘ LOVE, like a Meteor, shews a short-liv’d Blaze,
‘ Or treads thro’ various Skies, a wandring Maze ;
‘ Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led :
‘ Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled.

‘ But fixt by Obligations, it will last ;
‘ For GRATITUDE’s the Charm that binds it fast.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE.

EACH in his Turn, the * Poet and the † Priest,
Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets
gues's'd :

*The Man of Zeal, in his Religious Rage,
Would silence Poets, and reduce the Stage.*

The Poet rashly, to get clear, retorts

On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts :

Both err ; for without mincing, to be plain,

The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.

The present Time still gives the Stage its Mode,

The Vices which you practice, we explode :

We hold the Glass, and but reflect your Shame,

Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.

The Scribbler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to Dine,

And to your Genius must conform his Line ;

Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit ;

Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.

* MR. DRYDEN, in his *Prologue to the Pilgrim.*

† MR. COLLIER, in his *Vice of the Stage.*

EPILOGUE.

PLAIN Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Without the Varnish, and the Dawb of Show.
At vast Expence we labour to our Ruin,
And court your Favour with our own Undoing.
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten is the Devil.
How was the Scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
When TIMON, without Musick, moraliz'd!
SHAKESPEARE's Sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
Without the Charm of PURCELL's Syren Song.

IN the same Antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,
Embellish'd with good Morals, and just Thought :
True Nature in her noblest Light you see,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
To trifling Jest, and fulsome Ribaldry. }
What Rust remains upon the shining Mass
Antiquity may privilege to pass.
'Tis SHAKESPEARE's Play, and if these Scenes mis-
carry,
Let * Gorman take the Stage --- or † Lady Mary.

* A famous Prize-Fighter.
† A famous Rope-Dancer.

TO WILLIAM HENRY, *Earl of Bathe,*
Ec. at the Camp in Flanders, Sept. 4. 1711.

My DEAR LORD,

WHILST you are pursuing Honour in the Field, in the earliest Time of your Life, after the Example of your Ancestors, I am commanded by the Queen to let you know, She has declared you her Lord-Lieutenant of the County of *Cornwall*; The Earl of *Rochester* to act for you, till you are of Age.

You will do well to write your most humble Thanks to her Majesty, for so graciously remembering you, unsolicited, in your Absence: You should likewise do the same to my Lord *Rochester*, for accepting the Trouble.

THIS, my Dear Lord, is a Preparative to bring you upon the Stage with some Lustre at your first Appearance in the World. You are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentry, entirely dispos'd in Affection to you, and your Family: You are born possess'd of all those amiable Qualities which cannot fail of fixing their Hearts: You have no other Example to follow, but to tread in the Steps of your Ancestors: It is all that is hoped, or desired from you.

You are upon an uncommon Foundation in that Part of the World: Your Ancestors, for at least five hundred

hundred Years, never made any Alliance, Male or Female, out of the *Western* Counties: Thus there is hardly a Gentleman, either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has some of your Blood, or you some of theirs. I remember, the first Time I accompany'd your Grand-father into the *West*, upon holding his Parliament of *Tinners*, as Warden of the *Stannaries*, when there was the most numerous Appearance of Gentry of both Counties that had ever been remember'd together: I observ'd there was hardly any one but whom he call'd *Cousin*, and I could not but observe at the same Time how well they were pleas'd with it. Let this be a Lesson for you when it comes to your Turn to appear amongst them. Nothing is more obliging than to seem to retain the Memory of Kindred and Alliances, tho' never so remote: And by Consequence, nothing more dis-obliging, than a Forgetfulness of them: Which is always imputed to an affected, disdainful Superiority and Pride.

THERE is another Particular, in my Opinion of no small Consequence to the Support of your Interest, which I would recommend to your Imitation: And that is to make *Stowe* your principal Residence. I have heard your Grand-father say, if ever he liv'd to be possess'd of *New-Hall*, he would pull it down, that your Father might have no Temptation to withdraw from the ancient Seat of his Family. From the *Conquest* to the *Restoration*, your Ancestors constantly resid'd amongst their Country-men, except when the Publick Service call'd upon them to sacrifice their Lives for it.

STOWE

STOWE, in my Grand-father's Time, till the Civil Wars broke out, was a kind of Academy for all the young Men of Family in the Country: He provided himself with the best Masters of all kinds for Education; and the Children of his Neighbours and Friends shared the Advantage with his own. Thus he, in a manner, became the Father of his Country, and not only engaged the Affection of the present Generation, but laid a Foundation of Friendship for Posterity, which is not worn out at this Day.

UPON this Foundation, my Lord, You inherit Friends without the Trouble of making them, and have only to preserve them: An easy Task for you, to whom Nature has been so liberal of every Quality, necessary to attract Affection, and gain the Heart.

I MUST tell you, the Generality of our Countrymen have been always *Royalists*: You inherit too much Loyal Blood to like them the worse. There is an old Saying amongst them; That a GODOLPHIN was never known to want Wit; a TRELAWNEY, Courage; Or, a GRANVILLE, Loyalty: Wit, and Courage, are not to be mistaken; and to give those Families their Due, they still keep up to their Character: But it is the Misfortune of Loyalty, not to be so clearly understood, or defined. In a Country subject to Revolutions, what passes for Loyalty To-day, may be Treason To-morrow: But I make great Difference between real, and nominal Treason. In the Quarrel of the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, both Sides were proclaimed Traytors, as the other prevailed: Even under *Cromwell's* Usurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed Traytors, and suffer'd

fer'd as such : But this makes no Alteration in the Thing itself : It may be enacted Treason to call Black, Black ; or White, White : But Black will be Black, and White will be White, in Spight of all the Legislators in the World.

THERE can be no Doubt about Allegiance, unless Princes become Tyrants, and then they cease to be Kings : They will no longer be respected as God's Vice-gerents, who violate the Laws they were sworn to protect. The Preacher may tell us of Passive Obedience : That Tyrants are to be patiently suffer'd as Scourges in the Hands of a righteous God, to chastise a sinful Nation ; and to be submitted to, like Plagues, Famines, and such-like Judgments from Above. Such Doctrine, were it true, could only serve to mislead Ill-judging Princes into a false Security : Men are not to be reason'd out of their Senses : Human Nature, and Self-Preservation, will eternally arm against Slavery, and Oppression.

IT is therefore not to be supposed that even the weakest Prince would run that Hazard, unless seduced by Advice wickedly palliated by evil Counsellors. *Nero* himself, under the Influence of a good Ministry, was the mildest, the most gracious, and best beloved of the Emperors : The most sanguinary, the most profligate, and the most abhorr'd, under a bad One. A Prince may be deceived, or mistaken in the Choice of his Favourites : But he has this Advantage, He is sure to hear of it from the Voice of the Publick : If then he is deaf, he seems to take upon himself the Blame and Odium of those Actions, which were chargeable before but upon his Advisers.

IDLE

Idle Murmurs, groundless Discontents, and pretended Jealousies, and Fears, the Effect of private Prejudice, and Resentments, have been, and will ever be, under the wisest Administrations: We are peester'd with them even now, when we have a QUEEN, who is known to have nothing so much at Heart as the Contentment of her People: These are transitory Vapours, which scatter at the first Appearance of Light: The Infection spreads no farther than a particular Sett of soure, splenetick *Enthusiasts* in Politicks, not worth minding, or correcting. Universal Discontent can never happen but from solid Provocations.

MANY well-meaning Persons however, abounding in Zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular Pretences, and not undeceiv'd, till 'twas too late. Have a Care, my Dear Cousin, of splitting upon that Rock: There have been false *Patriots*, as well as false *Prophets*.

TO Fear GOD, and Honour the KING, were Injunctions so closely tack'd together, that they seem to make but One, and the same Command: A Man may as well pretend to be a good *Christian*, without Fearing GOD; as a good *Subject*, without Honouring the KING.

DEO, PATRIÆ, AMICIS, was Your Great Grand-father, Sir BEVIL's *Motto*: In three Words he has added to his Example a Rule, which in following, you can never err in any Duty of Life. The brightest Courage, and the gentlest Disposition, is Part of the Lord CLARENDON's Character of him: So much of him You have begun to
shew

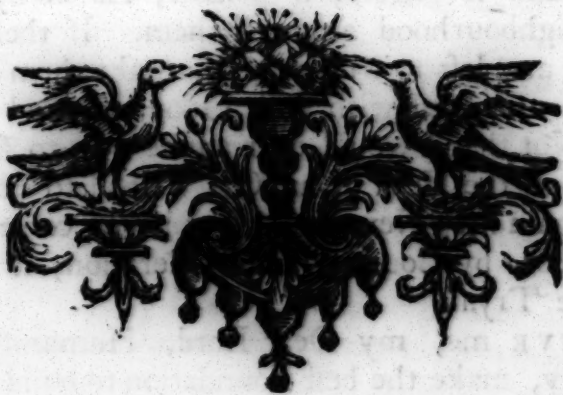
To William Henry, *Earl of Bathe.* 183

shew us already; and the best Wish I can make for you, is, To resemble him as much in All --- but his untimely Fate.

My DEAR LORD,

I am for ever, &c.

George Granville.



Second

Second LETTER to the same, Sept. 22.

EVERY living Creature, my Dear Lord, is entitled to Offices of Humanity : The Distress, even of an Enemy, should reconcile us to him : If he thirsts, give him Drink ; If he hungers, give him Food ; Overcome Evil with Good. It is with this Disposition I would have you enter into the Exercise of that Authority, with which her Majesty has honour'd you over your Country-men. Let no body inspire you with Party-Prejudices, and Resentments. Let it be your Business, to reconcile Differences, and heal Divisions ; and to restore, if possible, Harmony, and Good-Neighbourhood amongst them. If then there should be any left to wish you Ill, make them ashamed, and confounded with your Goodness, and Moderation : Not that I would ever advise you to sacrifice one Hair of the Head of an Old Friend to your Family, to gain fifty New-ones ; but if you can encrease the Number, by Courtesy and Moderation, it may be worth the Tryal.

BELIEVE me, my Dear Lord, Humanity, and Generosity, make the best Foundation to build a Character upon : A Man may have Birth, and Riches, and Power ; Wit, Learning, Courage, but without Generosity, it is impossible to be a great Man : Whatever the Rich, and Powerful, may think of themselves ; whatever Value they may set upon their Abundance,
and

and Grandeur ; they will find themselves but the more hated, and despised, for the ill Use they make of it. You should look upon yourselves but as Stewards and Trustees for the Distress'd : Your Over-abundance is but a Deposit for the Use, and Relief of the Unhappy : You are answerable for all Superfluities mispent : It is not to be supposed, that Providence would have made such Distinctions among Men, such un-equal Distributions, but that they might endear themselves to one another, by mutual Helps and Obligations. *Gratitude* is the surest Cement of Love, Friendship, and Society.

THERE are, indeed, Rules to be observed, and Measures to be kept, in the Distribution of Favours : We know who have both the Power and Inclination to do Good, but for Want of Judgment in the Direction, they pass only for good-natur'd Fools, instead of generous Benefactors.

My Lord ----- will grudge a Guinea to an honest Gentleman in Distress, but readily give Twenty to a common Strumpet. Another shall refuse to lend Fifty Pound to his best Friend without sufficient Security ; and the next Moment, set his whole Fortune upon a Card, or a Dye : A Chance, for which he can have no Security. My Lord ----- is to be seen every Day at a Toy-shop, squandering away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles ; and at the same Time leaves his Brothers, and Sisters without common Necessaries.

GENEROSITY does not consist in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at Random, without Judgment or Distinction ; tho' that, indeed, is better than locking it up ; for Multitudes have the Benefit of
it :

it: But in a right Disposition, to proper Objects, in Proportion to the Merit, the Circumstances, the Rank, and Condition of those, who stand in Need of our Service.

PRINCES are more exposed than any others to the mis-placing their Favours: Merit is ever modest, and keeps its Distance: The Forward, and Importunate, stand always nearest in Sight; and are not to be put out of Countenance, nor thrust out of the Way. I remember to have heard a Saying of the late King JAMES, *That he never knew a modest Man make his Way in a Court.* David Floyd, whom you know, being then in Waiting at his Majesty's Elbow, reply'd bluntly, *Pray, Sir, whose Fault's that?* The King stood corrected, and was silent.

IF Princes could see with their own Eyes, and hear with their own Ears, what a happy Situation it would be both for themselves, and their Subjects: To reward Merit; to redress the Injured; to relieve the Oppressed; to raise the Modest; to humble the Insolent: What a God-like Prerogative! Were a right Use made of it.

How happy are you, my Dear Lord, who are born with such generous Inclinations, with Judgment to direct them; and the Means to indulge them: Of all Men most miserable is he, who has the Inclination, without the Means. To meet with a deserving Object of Compassion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumstances in Life, is the most disagreeable: To have the Power, is the greatest Pleasure.

METHINKS

To William Henry, *Earl of Bathe.* 187

METHINKS I see you ready to cry out --- ' Good-
' Cousin, Why this Discourse to me ? What Occa-
' sion have I for these Lectures ? ' None at all, my
Dear Lord : I am only making my Court to you, by
letting you see, I think as you do.

BUT one Word more, and I have done.

IN Trust, Intimacy, and Confidence, be as parti-
cular as you please : In Humanity, Charity, and Be-
nevolence, Universal.

I am, for ever, &c.

George Granville.



A SPEECH

A
S P E E C H

*Against Repealing the BILL to Prevent
Occasional Conformity, &c. 1719.*

My LORDS,

HAVING never trespass'd upon your Patience before, I may hope for the readier Excuse, if I trouble you Now. I give you my Word, that no Indulgence shall encourage me to make a Custom of it.

I ALWAYS understood the Toleration to be meant as an Indulgence for tender Consciences, not a Licence for hardned Ones : And that the Act to *Prevent Occasional Conformity*, was design'd only to correct a particular Crime of particular Men, in which no Sect of *Dissenters* was included, but those Followers of *Judas*, who came to the *Lord's Supper*, for no other End, but to sell and betray him.

THIS Crime, however palliated or defended, even by so many Right Reverend Fathers of the Church, is no less than making the GOD of Truth, as it were in PERSON, subservient to Acts of Hypocrisy :
No

No less than sacrificing the mystical Body, and Blood of our SAVIOUR to worldly, and sinister Purposes. An Impiety of the highest Nature ! Which, in Justice, call'd for Correction ; And, in Charity, for Prevention.

THE bare receiving the *Holy Eucharist* could never be intended, simply, as a Qualification for an Office : But as an open Declaration, An indubitable Proof of being, and remaining a sincere Member of the Church. Whoever presumes to receive it with any other View, prophanes it ; and may be said, to seek his Promotion in this World, by eating and drinking his own Damnation in the next.

It is very surprizing, to hear the Merit of *Dissenters* so highly extolled and magnified within these Walls : Who is there amongst us, but can tell of some Ancestor, either sequester'd, or murder'd by them ? Who voted the Lords useles ? The *Dissenters* : Who abolish'd Episcopacy ? The *Dissenters* : Who destroy'd Freedom of Parliaments ? The *Dissenters* : Who introduced Governing by Standing Armies ? The *Dissenters* : Who wash'd their Hands in the Blood of their martyr'd Sovereign ? The *Dissenters* : Have they repented ? No : They glory in their Wickedness at this Day.

A VERY learned Lord has endeavour'd to extenuate that Guilt in Favour of the *Presbyterians* ; and would perswade us, they perform'd good Offices, at last, to the Royal Family, and became principal Instruments in the Restauration.

WHAT Offices ? What Instruments ? Upon what Terms did they resort to the KING ? Upon no better than

than their Brethren, the *Scots*, invited him before. To have an insignificant Tool of a King : a Cypher of a King, to walk in their Leading-Strings : To restore themselves, not their PRINCE, to Dominion, was their sole Aim. They groan'd under the Oppression of other Sectaries, after having been themselves the great Oppressors of Mankind : Nor had they any other Chance for Deliverance, or Revenge ; but by recovering *Regal* Power under a *Nominal* King. This, General MONK well knew, who was advertiz'd of all their Intrigues ; and hence arose every Difficulty that incumber'd him in the Prosecution of his own Scheme : He was under a Necessity to make Use of their Discontent ; and could neither entirely trust, nor throw them off : But that the MONARCHY was restor'd Free, and Independent ; the CHURCH re-establish'd Pure and Undeiled : was owing to his single Virtue, Generosity, and good Conduct, No Thanks to the *Presbyterians* !

NOR was the KING scarce warm in his Throne, before they broke out into new Rebellions : And continued incessant Disturbers of His whole Reign, sometimes with Sham-Plots, and sometimes with Real Ones.

It was likewise alledg'd, by the same learned Lord, That they were provok'd by hard Usage, Fin'd, Banish'd, Imprison'd, &c. But, by his Lordship's Leave, never upon a Religious Account : They might be punish'd for Breach of the Law ; for disturbing the Publick Peace ; for illegal Meetings, and Assemblies ; and other State Crimes : And what was there more in that, than in the present Case of the *Non-jurors* ?

THE

THE Clemency of that REIGN to *Dissenters*, has been sufficiently vindicated by a noble Earl, who was call'd up by some Reflexions, which fell from a Right Reverend Prelate, relating to a projected Comprehension in the Beginning of that REIGN. Whereas that worthy Prelate was pleased to lay the whole Blame of Disagreement upon the COURT, and the CHURCH: The Truth has appear'd manifestly otherwise. The CHURCH open'd her Arms; The CLERGY, The BISHOPS, The KING, condescended to invite them, with all the Temptations of Indulgence, and *Christian* Charity: But what was their Return? Nothing but morose, haughty Contradiction; or, sullen, sophistical Evasion: They scorned to enter our Churches as Brethren, and Fellow-Christians; but as Conquerors, and Plunderers: They have no Grace, but what is founded in Dominion.

THEIR Behaviour in the subsequent Reign, is fresh in every one's Memory: The Unhappy PRINCE who succeeded was undone by giving Attention to their Addresses, and depending upon their Promises.

THAT they have remain'd, as has been said, not only quiet, but appear'd zealous in the present Establishment, is no Wonder: For who but themselves, or their Favourers, have been thought worthy of Countenance?

A NOBLE Earl, enquiring into the Reason of the present Universal Discontent (for such I find it agreed to be on all Hands) has thought fit to impute it to Mis-conduct in the Administration: A little unlucky, I confess, since it was answer'd, *That at the Time*
when

when this Discontent most flam'd, His Lordship was at the Head of that Administration.

ANOTHER noble Earl, very deservedly in a high Station, is pleas'd to charge it upon Fate, the Malignity of the Stars, a certain un-accountable Disposition in the Heavens ; for which there is no apparent Reason, nor Remedy.

THE Reason is plain, is flagrant, is notorious. The early Impatience and Presumption of the *Dissenters* : Their insolent, and un-dissembled Expectations : Their open Insults of the Clergy : Their affixing Bills upon our very Church-Doors, with this scandalous Inscription, *A House to be Let* --- Their publick Vindications of the Murder of King CHARLES I : And, their vile Reflections upon the Memory of Queen ANNE, for ever dear to the People of *England* : Besides many other indecent, and arrogant Provocations, too many to enumerate, was too much to bear : The Violences that ensued, let the Aggressors answer for : Their acting all this, not only with Impunity, but Reward out of the publick Treasure, was more than sufficient Reason for Jealousie : A Jealousie, for which this new Attempt to break down all the * Fences and Boundaries of the Church at once, will indeed be no Remedy.

A NOBLE Lord seems much offended to hear *Catholicks*, and other *Dissenters*, mention'd in this Debate upon an Equality : For what Reason ? Why, " Be-

* *Occasional Bill, Schism-Bill, and Test-Act.*

“ cause their Religion is High Treason : The *Catholick* Religion is High-Treason.” --- I never understood their Religion to be Treason, I have heard it might be Treason to make Converts to it ; And by the same Rule, the *Reformed* Religion may be Treason in a *Popish* Country. But if we may, without Offence, compare them upon a foot of Merit with other *Dissenters*, (I mean only with respect to Civil Government) The *Catholicks*, as far as has been yet made to appear, are surely entitled to the Preference. To whom do we owe *Magna Charta*, but to our *Popish* Barons, long before the *Reformation* ? And were there not as many, and as frequent Struggles for Liberty, in those *Catholick* Times as since ? To whom do we owe the *Revolution*, but to *Catholick* Powers, with the *Pope* himself giving his Blessing to an Undertaking, that was to deliver us from *Popery* ? To whom do we owe our present Security in the *Protestant Succession*, but to the most formidable, the most persecuting of all *Popish* Powers, the most inveterate Enemies of the *Protestant* Perswasion, *France*, *Savoy*, and the *Empire* ? Have not our Ministers assur’d us, one after another, That those mortal Enemies to our Souls in another World, are our only Guarantees for Salvation in This ?

OUR *Protestant* Brethren, the States, were neither entrusted, nor consulted ; but seem to have been left like Slaves, to follow the Dictates of *Great Britain*, and *France* ; and to accede, implicitly, at their Peril. They have continued hitherto to *Dissent*, perhaps, in time, they may *Occasionally Conform*, as Circumstances may happen to press ; but ’till then,

Our only Trusty Allies, seem to be our good CATHOLICK Friends.

THE Right Reverend Prelates, who have exerted their Zeal in this Debate, having been instructed to fulminate against the Test, without being let into the Secret of dropping that Question, have unfortunately emptied their Quiver in the Air, and may gather up their Spiritual Arrows again, to shoot at that Mark some other time. One, however, there is, who must not be pass'd by ; who, wandering beyond the rest, in a long Historical Collection from *Libels* and *Pamphlets*, has let himself loose against the Sacred Memory of the Royal MARTYR. He accuses him, " If not " Of all *Popery*, of half *Popery*, very near *Popery*, " almost all *Popery* --- Wretched Sophistry ! What is this School-Distinction betwixt almost all a *Papist*, or quite a *Papist* ?

HARD Fate of the best of Men and Kings ! He who renounc'd the *Purple* to preserve the *Lawn* : Who died for the *Church* : Who is commemorated as a MARTYR for the *Church* : Is yet exposed, almost an Age after his Descent from the Scaffold to the Grave, to be murder'd over again in his Fame, even in the supreme Court of Judicature, by a Successor in that venerable Order, that very Episcopacy, for which he sacrificed his Liberty, his Life, and his Crown. The execrable Wretch, who sever'd his Head from his Body, perform'd the inhuman Office in a Mask : But this *Holy* --- I had like to have said --- *Executioner*, who cuts what the Axe could not hurt, what the Regicides could not take from him, His
GOOD

GOOD NAME, has not been asham'd to attempt it,
Bare-fac'd.

IT grieves me, That this Animadversion should fall to my Lot : To the Lot of any private Lord : I was in hopes, a generous Indignation would have warm'd this noble Assembly, to have made it their own Act to reprehend such ir-reverend *Slander*, as would much better have become a Descendant from BRADSHAW, than a Successor of LAUD.

IN a Word. That I may not appear prejudiced to Merit in any Man, I will conclude with this Motion, --- That a List be laid before us of such *Dis-senters* by Name, who have, upon any Occasion, or in any kind, merited from the Crown : And I shall most readily come into any Measures, which may distinguish them, or their particular Services.

*GOD forbid but that they should, ALL,
have their Deserts.*



TWO AUTHENTICK
JOURNALS
OF
Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE,
AFTERWARDS
GENERAL in the *WEST*
FOR
King CHARLES I.
VIZ.

I. OF the EXPEDITION to *Cadiz* in SPAIN,
Anno 1625. With the CHARGE delivered by the
Earl of ESSEX, and Nine other COLONELS, against
the Viscount WIMBLEDON, General of that *Voyage*.
With his ANSWER, containing a full Relation of
the Defeat thereof.

II. OF the EXPEDITION to the Isle of RHEE in
FRANCE, *Anno* 1627. Containing an Account
of the most material Passages, happening at, and
after our Landing there.

TWO AUTHENTICK

JOURNALS

OF

GENERAL WALKER

AND

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT being but lately come to my Knowledge, that the Two following *Manuscripts* had been Printed in my Absence, not only without my *Privity*, but contrary to my *Intention* of having them publish'd in another *Manner*; I have therefore added them to this VOLUME myself, that they might have a more AUTHENTICK PASSAGE into the World, than a surreptitious Publication could give.

WHEN the *Design* upon CADIZ was projected, in the Beginning of the Reign of Queen ANNE, I presented the *Originals* to my Lord of OXFORD, with a View, that by avoiding the *Errors* committed in a former *Attempt* upon the same Place, a more successful *Plan* might be formed: But it may reasonably be taken for granted, that little Attention was given to it; since instead of avoiding, The very same *Mistakes* happen'd, and the very same *Dis-appointment* was the Consequence only with this Difference, that my Lord of ORMOND had an Opportunity to take his Revenge at VIGO, and to return with Glory, which was not the Lord WIMBLEDON's good Fortune.

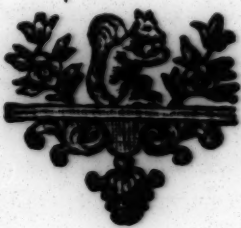
HAVING kept *Authentick Copies* of these PAPERS, it was afterwards my *Intention* to give them to Mr. Secretary BURCHET, when he was publishing his History of *Naval Expeditions*: but it seems my Friend

ADVERTISEMENT.

with whom I entrusted them for that Purpose, thought fit to dispose of them another Way, when I was at too great a Distance to take Notice of it, otherwise the Lord WIMBLEDON's Defence, hitherto stifled, might have preserved him from any severe Historical Reflexion. It is plain the Earl of ESSEX was already beginning to be mutinous against the Court, and an unsuccessful General, however the Case might happen, is sure to be run down.

It is much to be wish'd, all Persons who are possess'd of any Authentick Impartial *Manuscripts*, which might rectify Mistakes in *History*, manifest Truth, and vindicate Personal Characters, that they would not be so curious of them in their Cabinets, but generously let them loose to encounter that Slander, which is spread every Day in new *Libels* collected from old Ones; our present fashionable Accounts, both of Persons and Facts, being founded chiefly upon the Scandal of former Times, or *Party Prejudice*.

LANSDOWNE.



THE

T H E
C H A R G E

*Delivered by the Earl of ESSEX, and nine other COLONELS, at the Council-Table, against the Viscount WIMBLEDON, General of the * last CALES Voyage. With his Answer, containing a full Relation of the Defeat of that Voyage.*

FIRST, we humbly present to your Lordships Consideration, my Lord *Marshal* never acquainted the Council of War with any Part of those Instructions he Shew'd at the Council-Table, though some of them were such as the meanest Soldier ought to have been acquainted with ; nor did we understand, that we were such a Council of War, by which he should govern his Actions, otherwise than to come when his Lordship should please to call for us, and then to give him our Advice, on such Things as he should please to propound to us, and no more : And therefore we think ourselves no farther answerable in that Kind, than for our Advices upon his Propositions;

* In the former *Voyage* to CALES, that City was taken by Admiral *Howard* and the Earl of *Essex*, Anno 1596.

for only in that Kind he made use of our Counsels, though every one of us do protest that, in Duty to his Majesty's Service, we did to our Abilities, and Knowledge, give him our best Counsels upon all Occasions.

THE Third of *October*, 1625, being *Monday*, my Lord of *Essex*, with Part of the Fleet, put forth of the Sound of *Plymouth*.

THE Fourth of *October*, being *Tuesday*, my Lord *Marshall*, with the rest of the Fleet, put forth also.

THE Sixth, *Thursday*, my Lord *Marshal*, with that Part with him, by contrary Winds, was put into the Sound again.

ON *Friday* the Seventh, Colonel *Burgh*, and Colonel *Harwood*, having found when they were out at Sea, that the Captains of their Ships had no Instructions for Government of the Fleet, nor any Order for Rendezvous, if they should be separated; went to the Lord *Marshal*, and by their speaking to him obtain'd Instructions, bearing Date the Third of *October*, wherein was named the Place of Rendezvous; my Lord of *Essex* being then at Sea, received not his until the Ninth of *October*, then under Sail in the Fleet, when with them he received Order, from my Lord *Marshal*, to distribute them to all his Squadrons, which were twenty nine Ships: But my Lord must first write out so many Copies, which being of four Sheets of Paper, and more, would ask some Time: This his Lordship's late distributing of them, and but in single Copies to the Admirals of the Squadrons (for the Rear Admiral received his, but the same Time my Lord of *Essex* did) was Cause that many neither had them, nor could have them, before we came to
the

the *South Cape*, and after the Storm ; so that in the Storm many might have been severed from the Fleet, and never come to them again, for want of Instructions ; as had like to have fallen out with Captain *Roskinner*, Captain of the *Matthew* of *Ipswich*, and one other with him, that betwixt them had three hundred Landmen on Board them ; as also with Captain *White*, and one other Ship with him, who betwixt them had the like Number of Landmen : All which four Ships came not into the Bay of *Cadiz*, till we were ready to come away. In the said Articles, there was no Enemy named in particular, for Default whereof, three of our Fleet, namely, Captain *Osborn*, Captain *Bainthorn*, and Captain *Squill*, meeting with three *Spanish* Ships not far from the Rock, and about the Seventeenth of *October*, hayling each other, and calling amain for the King's, our Ships did not fight with them, for that they had no Instructions that named their Enemy.

THE Eleventh of *October*, at a Council, it was moved by Sir *Michael Gore*, to have our Enemy named ; my Lord *Marshal* said, it was the common Enemy, and persisted that was sufficient ; but pressed by Sir *John Burgh*, and Mr. *Glanvil*, how necessary it was to name the King of *Spain*, he did then yield to it ; and in the next Instructions he named him, and these were as before but singly distributed to the Admirals, and they to write them out as before, and to distribute them to their Squadrons, by which Means, many Ships knew not their Enemies, until they came to *Cadiz*.



THE Nineteenth of *October*, the Fleet was off the *Southern Cape*. The Twentieth, there was a Council called, where it did appear the Lord *Marshal* understood, that we were only to advise him in what he should please to propound, and not more; we were then in the proper Height to attempt something upon *Spain*, and hoped that my Lord *Marshal* came from *Plymouth*, resolved upon some particular Place. There his Lordship named *St. Lucas*, but answered himself, saying, It was a barren Haven, and that no great Ships could go in, condemning the Seamen, but named them not, that at *Plymouth* advised most for that Place, made no Difficulty of the Entrance then, but now come hither, found the Haven to be barred; It was there propounded, to go into the Bay of *Cadiz*, and there to attempt *Saint Mary Port*, and divers were of this Opinion. There also Sir *Henry Bruce* propounded, and urged to go for *Gibraltar*, but his Lordship would not give him so much Credit, as to allow his Proposition a full Debating, but slighted it, as appears by his Manner of putting the Question, Whether to *Cadiz Bay*, or *Gibraltar*? Adding, This last Place was Sir *Henry Bruce's* Proposition, wherein he thought Sir *Henry* would stand alone. This his slighting Colonel *Bruce*, a Gentleman of great Experience, and good Reputation, did not only discourage him, who besides this advised, to have gone into the *Streights*, there to have farther attempted; but hinder'd diverse Propositions of others, and especially of one of the Council, who had the Plot of a Place in *Spain*, which else had been propounded. There it was concluded to go into the Bay of *Cadiz*, my Lord of *Essex* his Squadron

Squadron to go in first, and to anchor as near *St. Mary Port* as he could; my Lord of *Effex* then moved, and so did my Lord *Cromwel*, what if they found any Shipping of the King of *Spain's* in the *Bay*, which is seldom without, to know if they should attempt them; and desir'd a full and clear Direction in that Point: My Lord *Marshal*, without referring it to the Council, of himself answered; that when we should be upon the Place, then he would advise thereon, and resolve, when our Eyes might be our Directors, and so gave my Lord of *Effex* plain Order to come to Anchor, and to leave Breadth betwixt *St. Mary Port* and him, for the rest of the Fleet. This Resolution was new seconded, by an express Letter from my Lord *Marshal*, to my Lord of *Effex*, when he was entring into the Mouth of the *Bay*, and had the Ships in Sight.

THE Twenty second of *October*, being *Saturday*, in the Afternoon, my Lord of *Effex* sailed into the *Bay*, where he found seventeen good Ships riding under the Town, and some ten or twelve Gallies which came from *St. Mary Port*; when they discover'd us to be *English*, they made what Haste they could to get under the *Port Puntal*, and so up the Creek to *Port Royal*; my Lord of *Effex* went something beyond *St. Mary Port*, and exchanged some Shot both with the Gallies, and Galleons, and brailed his Fore-sail, and hovered some time, to see if my Lord *Marshal* would send him any Order, but receiving none, fell down near the Place assigned him, and came to Anchor; if my Lord *Marshal* had, upon my Lord of *Effex*, and my Lord *Cromwel's* Motion, given Order
for

for the attempting the Shipping before they came in, if they found any, or if at his own coming into the Road, which was within a Quarter of an Hour after my Lord of *Effex*, when he first discovered the Shipping there, and when his Eyes might have been his Directors for he was so near, as he could see them cut their Cables; had then put himself into his Barge, or Long-Boat, and given Order to have set on them, or but sent a Ketch, whereof he had ever some attending him, with Order to my Lord of *Effex* to attempt them, those seventeen Ships had been the King's; but his Lordship came presently to an Anchor, and so did the rest of the Fleet. Soon after came, of themselves, the Lord of *Effex*, the Admiral of *Holland*, and some few other Chiefs, aboard the Admiral, to present their Services, and receive Orders; after whose coming, and being some Time aboard him, the Flag of Council was hung out: but it was then so late, as the Flag could not be discerned. Then he was pressed by my Lord of *Effex*, Colonel *Burgh*, and Sir *John Prowd*, presently to set upon the Shipping, giving him some Reasons, if he did not, he might endanger the losing of them; as also if he intended any thing to *Cadiz*, he should do well to give them no Time, but presently to land his Army, which he might have done betwixt the Town and the Fort: His Lordship, whether out of his own Judgment, or swayed by some particular Man, ordered no more for that Night, but that twenty Colliers, with five of the *Dutch* Squadron, should that Night batter the Fort; for this, he sent Sir *Thomas Love*, and Sir *Michael Gore*, to give Order, which, how they executed, we leave them to answer, only saying,
Sir

Sir *Michael Gore* was but the second in that Commission, and Sir *Thomas Love* being Captain of his own Ship, did, or might, at his coming aboard, have given his Lordship an Account. How it came we know not, but only Five of the *Dutch* Squadron battered upon the Fort that Night; yet this Evening, my Lord of *Essex* had twice Orders to batter the Fort with his Squadron, and twice countermanded.

THE next Morning, *Sunday* the Twenty third of *October*, my Lord of *Essex*, early in the Morning, had Order with his Squadron to go up, and shoot upon the Fort, which was likewise done by many of the other Squadrons, though they effected little. The Morning my Lord *Marshall* came aboard my Lord of *Essex*, whither, amongst others that came of themselves (for there was no Council call'd) came Sir *John Burgh*, to whom my Lord *Marshall* said, he had a Resolution to land some Men, and that he should have the Command of some eight hundred, or a thousand that should land first, and willed him to prepare, that the Ship he was in should fall up as near my Lord of *Essex* as he could.

WHEN Colonel *Burgh* came aboard him again, my Lord *Marshall* told him, he was to command those Men that should land, and try if they could take the Fort by *Scalado*; because we had already shot many a Shot upon it to no Effect: Colonel *Burgh* went to land with those Men his Lordship sent him; but before he went to land, required of his Lordship particular Directions, both for disposing his Men in landing, and for governing himself after he was landed;
but

but could draw little from him, but referred all to his Direction.

COLONEL *Burgh* required to have with him such Things as were fit for such an Enterprize, as Ladders and Granadoes, which his Lordship promis'd presently to send him : The Ladders came to him, but so late and unseasonably, as they could not conveniently be distributed ; but the Granadoes came not at all, though there was a great Quantity provided in the *Low-Countries*, and Conductors with them, which put the King to great Charge, and were in the Fleet, but not then to be found. Our Men were landed near the Fort, without Impeachment from the Place they landed at ; though from the Fort we received some small Hurt, as likewise when we still advanced into the Downs, from some scattered Shot, that covered themselves in the Sand Hills : When our Men were put into Order, Colonel *Burgh* going to View the Fort, found it of that Strength, that it was not likely to be easily gained by Force, yet conceiving by the Countenance of those in it, that if they were summoned, they would haply hearken to it, presently sent a Drum to tell them, if they would give it over, the Soldiers should have safe and honourable Conditions, which they hearkned to ; and after Interchange of Hostages, Sir *William St. Leger* came on Land, and with him the Governour of the Fort agreed, so as, that Evening, the Fort was rendered. This Day my Lord *Marshall* continuing aboard my Lord of *Effex*, he was pressed by the said Earl, Colonel *Harwood*, Sir *John Prowd*, and others that came, uncalled, aboard him, to set upon the Shipping : His general Answer was, *he would not hunt*

two

two Hares at once ; meaning the *Fort* and the *Shipping* : to which was replied, he had Shipping enough to set on *them*, and batter the *Fort* too ; and that though his Lordship conceived, and said, he had the Shipping sure ; yet the longer he deferred it, they would be so much less worth the having, but all prevailed not. This Day, some time after Sir *John Burgh* was landed, his Lordship gave leave to all that desired it, to land, without naming what Colonels, or chief Officers to go with them ; and then some two thousand or three thousand Men more landed.

MONDAY the Twenty fourth, my Lord *Marshal* gave Order for the landing the rest of the Army, which was effected save some ten or eleven Companies of the Rear Admiral's Squadron, which could not conveniently land, they being so far off. This Order was given without calling Council in *general*, or advice of any of us in *particular* ; neither those that were landed this Day, nor the Night before, had any Order to take Victuals with them ; which was necessary, the Victuals being in the Power of Purfers of Ships, over whom the Land-Officers had no Command.

THE Army being landed, and the Regiments drawn together, my Lord *Marshal* called a Council of War within the Fort of *Puntal*, at which Time, before any Thing was propounded, one of the Seamen of the Council came, and said, the Enemy was drawn down, and was in Skirmish with Colonel *Burgh*, who had drawn some Troops nearer the Town to view certain Gardens, where he thought some of the Enemy were, and to place a Guard upon the Sea-side towards *Gibraltar*,

braltar, in which places some scattering Men of the Enemy were, who gave the Occasion of that Alarm. My Lord *Marshal*, and the rest of the Colonels suspecting the worst, went forth every one to his Charge, his Lordship having his Horses ready, rode up into the Downs to see what the Alarm was; and soon after, by whose Advice we know not, but we protest, by none of ours, he gave Order by the Serjeant-Major-General, that the whole Army should march, and so marched to the Neck of the Land, which is the Way towards the Bridge. At this Time Victuals for the Army were some in landing, and some landed at the Fort; but by reason of my Lord *Marshal's* express Command to march away, Men had not time to take them, nor did his Lordship take Care thereof, when he was told of it; for there Sir *Charles Rich* acquainted him, that divers Captains of his had no Victuals, some of them having their Victuals come to *Puntal*, others, their Boats were gone for them to their Ships.

To which his Lordship answered, that howsoever he must march, and that Victuals should follow him; also the Serjeant-Major of Colonel *Harwood*, upon the first of the Order, went unto my Lord *Marshal*, and told him, that three or four of the Companies of his Colonel's Regiment that landed the Day before had no Victuals, nor had had any from the time they came from Shipboard; to whom his Lordship, sharply answered, *That now was not Time to speak for Victuals, when we were to march towards our Enemy; and that want of Victuals must not make Men Cowards:* With which Answer the Serjeant-Major was much offended, but replied not, came back, and acquainted his Colonel

nel and Lieutenant-Colonel therewith. The Army marched on, and being come to the Neck of the Land, there my Lord of *Essex* and Sir *John Prowd* came to my Lord *Marshal*, and acquainted him with the want of Victuals in the Army, and pressed him to take Order for it ere he went any farther : My Lord of *Essex* declaring also, that he approved not his going to break the Bridge ; whereupon he said, that he would call a Council and so made a Halt near *Hercules Pillars*, and sent to the Colonels to come to the Vanguard of the Troops. Then also he was put in mind by my Lord *Delaware* he had left no Troops as a Guard upon the Town, to secure our Return, our Mens coming on Land, or following the Troops upon any Occasion. Upon which Consideration, before all the Colonels were come together, he sent back Colonel *Burgh*, and Colonel *Bruce*, with their Regiments, and then marched forward with the rest of the Troops, without staying till the Council were all assembled, and against the Advice of my Lord of *Essex*, or any of us that make this Relation, nor did we conceive what Reason his Lordship had for it ; sure we are, he travelled the Army much without Victuals, and lost Time, giving the Enemy time to prepare for us in all Places thereabouts, which chiefly made our Journey so fruitless ; whereas my Lord *Marshal* excuseth his not staying for the Advice of the Council of War for his going towards the Bridge, upon some Words my Lord of *Valentia* used to him there ; which were, that seeing many of the Enemy standing on a Hill, not far from him, that his Lordship should not do well, when he came near the Enemy, to stand still, for it
would

would both encourage the Enemy, and dishearten his own Men : At which time the Lord *Valentia* did not know he had called a Council that was the Cause of his stay ; besides, it was but his particular Advice, and my Lord *Marshal* needed not to have followed it, if he had not approved it ; besides he might in Effect have done both, for he might then have sent out the *Forlorn Hope*, or more little Troops, to put the Enemy farther off, which would easily have been done, and have staid with the Body of the Army until the Council had been assembled, and debated the Business, and given their Opinions. This Night the Army quartered in the Fields, some Leagues short of the Bridge, and near some stragling Houses, in many of which there was Wine ; but principally there was great Store where my Lord *Marshal* quartered himself, which was the House of *Don Lewis de Soto*. By the Way, the Soldiers complained for the want of Victuals ; those who were landed with Colonel *Burgh* most, who had not had any since Sunday Morning : My Lord *Marshal*, as the Army pass'd by, told the Soldiers, they should have to every Regiment one Butt of Wine, which was given ; and which the Colonels, and chief Officers, sparingly gave to their Soldiers ; yet how it came particularly, do say, we know not, whether there, in my Lord *Marshal's* House, or in other stragling Houses near that Quarter ; certain it is, the Soldiers got more Wine than was delivered them from their Officers, and so much, as within a very few Hours, most of the whole Army, except the Officers, were drunk ; some of them more, some less, yet all disorderly, in-somuch, as we verily believe, if the Enemy had that
Night

Night set upon us, but with some four or five hundred Men, they might easily have defeated the whole Army. That this Drunkenness, and Disorder, was not occasioned by the Wine the Soldiers had delivered them by their Officers, appears ; for that some Regiments, namely, Sir *Charles Rich's*, and Sir *Edward Conway's*, had none ; their Butts, by rowling to the Quarter, being staved by the Way, yet were their Men also as drunk as the rest. We think my Lord *Marshal*, who rid before with the foremost Troops, and came first into the Quarter, and found so much Wine in his own House and store of Vineyards thereabouts, might imagine there was Wine in the other Houses also ; and if he had sent some of his General Officers, to have searched the Houses near the Quarter, and then either to have staved all the Wine he found, or else set such Guards upon it, as the Soldiers might not have come at it ; as also to have set such Guards about his own House, and taken such Order there, as none could have come by any Wine, but by his Order, and so have taken away all Means from the Soldiers to be drunk, he had done much better, than neglecting that, after, to cast a Blemish upon the Colonels and chief Officers, as if they had not done their Duties, in keeping their Men from Drunkenness.

At this Quarter, and within Night, my Lord of *Essex* finding no Guards set out on the Avenues, nor any Order for it, though it so properly concerned not him, but should have been my Lord *Marshal's* own Care, or the Serjeant-Major-General, yet came and acquainted his Lordship therewith ; who without ever visiting the Avenues in Person, gave his Lordship Order,

der, in general, to advance some small Guards before the Troops, but left the Particular to his Discretion: This Night also we had no *Word* out till one or two o'Clock at Night; whose Fault it was we know not, but we wondred that we should have one at *Plymouth*, and in our own Country, and where we had no Enemy nor Army, but in the Land, dispersed in the Villages, and none in an Army in *Spain*; at last we had *one* in three Words, which was, *Heaven blefs us*. This Night the Soldiers being for the most part much distemper'd, full of Wine, and in want of Victuals, came in Troops to my Lord *Marshal's* House, pressed to come in on all Sides, and those small Guards he had there were not sufficient to keep them out; nor remained there then any Respect to the chief Officers: The Extremity of this was about one o'Clock in the Night, when there were most of the Lords and Colonels with his Lordship, who all assisted in restraining those Insolencies, and were contented, together with my Lord *Marshal*, to endure insolent and contemptuous Language from the Soldiers, who said, *God save King CHARLES*, and more to this Effect; *He allowed us Victuals, but for the Lord Marshal, and the rest they cared not; for Victuals they would have, or they would pull them out of the House.*

THE whole Army was in Disorder, which troubled the Lord *Marshal*, and all of us, and for the present we knew not how to help it; the Soldiers were enraged like so many Beasts, but we had Patience, and kept them out of the House as well as we could: The rest of the Night, neither my Lord *Marshal*, nor any of us took much rest; we were all much cast
down,

down, and the more because we knew our Soldiers had Reason to complain of want of Victuals. My Lord *Marshal* having brought the Army to this Extremity, then demanded Advice what to do, of us that were present about him; we advised him to call a Council, and because some of the Council were gone back, and, that there were besides the General Officers, but three Colonels there, to call the Lieutenant-Colonels to Council, but not until the Morning, because it was not well in the Night to call both the first and second chief Officers so far from the Troops as his House was.

So, early in the Morning, *Tuesday* the 25th of *October* the Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels assembled there: It was by my Lord *Marshal* opened, the great Disorder the Army was in, and Advice demanded what to do: It was largely debated whether to go forwards or return, and generally concluded, that whether my Lord *Marshal* intended to besiege the Town of *Cadiz*, or not, yet it was not material to go to the Bridge; both for that we had not Materials sufficient to break it down, and if we had, and could break it, yet that would be no Advantage to us for the besieging of *Cadiz*; for that we might, by possessing the Streight of Land, be more secured from any Danger from *Terra firma*, than by breaking the Bridge: More Reasons were declared against the going to the Bridge, as that, if we could break it, which was not probable, yet that was to small Purpose, unless we left two or three thousand Men to guard it, after it was broken; which if we should, we knew no means how to victual them there: neither were
they

they secure, it being possible that the Enemy might, with Gallies, land greater Troops than they, betwixt them and us, and come on the Back of them, and defeat them, and we far off could not know it, or assist them; besides, thereby we should much lessen our Army: But besides all this, if it had been for the Advantage of the Service to have gone to the Bridge, yet our Army being then in such Disorder, for Want of Victuals, and not any to be had, but from our Ships, nor any from thence, but by going back, it was generally agreed by all, to return, but Sir *William St. Leger*, who would not give his Voice *pro*, or *contra*: And so we presently did, with Loss, as we think, of some sixty Men, or thereabouts, that were stray'd out of the Quarter, and lay drunk; we know not where. This Day we came back, and quarter'd by the two Regiments of Colonels *Burgh* and *Bruce*, which were a Guard upon the Town of *Cadiz*. This Evening when the Troops were quartered in the Field, and on Horseback, the Council was assembled, where what has been said of the last Night's Disorder was mentioned, and that the Enemy drew together, and follow'd us in great Troops both Horse and Foot; and some affirm'd, those they saw could be no less than two or three Thousand; and it was affirm'd that those that had the Guard towards the Town had seen near about one Thousand Men, at one Time, without the Town, and that the Gallies came continually to the Town without any Impeachment, so as it was then debated, and most Men inclin'd, to ship the next Morning, and after, to think what to attempt in some other Place, because *Cadiz* was then thought by us all

to

to be too strong to do any good on ; and so that Council broke up, referring a Resolution till next Morning.

WEDNESDAY, the 26th of *October*, my Lord *Marshal* leaving Colonel *Harwood* with his Regiment, to stay with the other two of Colonel *Burgh* and Colonel *Bruce*, marched with the rest of the Army back to the Streight of Land, thereabouts to recover certain Long-Boats which we had seen before, when we passed that Way, and returned that Night to our former Quarter.

THURSDAY, the 27th of *October*, early in the Morning, a Council was called, and we all met at the *Fort Puntal*, where my Lord *Marshal* demanded our Opinions, Whether we thought his Army sufficient to besiege the Town of *Cadiz* ; and, Whether we would advise him to it, or not. It was consider'd, our Army consisted of new Men, little exercised ; that many Things necessary for a Siege we had not ; and the Town had gotten in, both Men and other Necessaries, since we came into the Bay ; having had *Saturday* Night, *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*, to provide themselves, and to prepare against us : So, it was generally agreed, not to besiege the Town, but to ship our Army ; and it was ordered, by my Lord *Marshal*, the eldest Regiment to ship first.

Now, in these Three Days that we were on Land, my Lord *Marshal* having left Order for it with my Lord *Denbigh*, before his marching from the Fort, there was a Council called of the Seamen, to advise how to set upon the Enemies Shipping at *Port Real* ;

to which Service Sir *Samuel Argol* was designed, with the Vice-Admiral's Squadron ; but it succeeded not, by Reason the Enemy's having so much Time given them, had sunk Ships in the *Channel*, that ours could not pass up to them ; as yet Sir *Samuel Argol*, with that Squadron, was not returned to the rest of the Fleet, of which Squadron were the Ships that received my Lord of *Effex*'s Regiment, with the Lord *Valentia*, and Colonel *Harwood*'s ; these Three Regiments, because their Shipping was not ready, had Order to ship last ; and of them, Colonel *Harwood*, according to the Order of the rest of the Army, to be last.

PRESENTLY my Lord of *Effex*, Sir *William St. Leger*, and Colonel *Harwood*, went, and considered of the fittest Ground for these Three Regiments to stand in, whilst the other were in shipping. There Colonel *Harwood* (the rest approving of it) chose out some Hills to place Musqueteers on, and behind them, towards the Fort, the rest of the Regiments in Order, my Lord of *Effex*'s Regiment, that was first to be shipped next the Fort, and Colonel *Harwood*, that was to make the Retreat, next the Enemy ; the other Regiments shipped in Order, one after another. When my Lord of *Effex* was to draw away, the Enemy, that before, had not shewn themselves near to us, but scattering only, to look upon us, began to come down in Troops ; whereupon my Lord of *Effex* stay'd his Regiment, and sent to Colonel *Harwood* (who was with the Musqueteers next the Enemy, from whence he could discern more of the Enemy's Actions than where his Lordship was) to know whether it was necessary he should stay with his Regiment, in regard
the

the Enemy began to come down. Colonel *Harwood* advised his Lordship to draw away with his Pikes, but to send him some of his Musqueteers, which his Lordship did, and so did my Lord of *Valentia*. The Enemy came close up, some two or three hundred Shot to the Hills, where he had placed his Musqueteers; they had also a Body of Pikes, but they came not up. Colonel *Harwood* put all his Musqueteers to work, sent to my Lord of *Essex* for more, and had them, entertain'd the Enemy as well as he could with such kind of Men, who being new Men, unacquainted with Danger, and the Use of their Arms, hurt one another, and coming to fill their Bandoleers, blew up the Powder twice, or thrice, yet he made a Shift to maintain the Ground he made Choice of, for an Hour or more, that the other Regiments might have Time to ship: In this Time he had two or three Messengers from my Lord *Marshall*, to come off, which if he had done at first, before he had embolden'd his Men, and put some Assurance into them, and given Testimony to the Enemy he went not off for Fear of them, but because he was to go a Ship-board, he had been sure to be beaten. Having now stay'd a sufficient Time for those Ends, he began to make his Retreat, and then missed one Division of the Pikes of his Regiment, which my Lord *Marshall* had sent for away, without his Knowledge, which troubled him. First he commanded his Lieutenant-Colonel to advance his Pikes and Colours some ten Paces towards the Enemy to countenance his Musqueteers in coming off, which put the Enemy to a Stand, and which Time he took to begin to retire. But when he commanded his Men to turn their Faces,

and march off, they began to break, and run away, and much ado he had to keep them together: But, by the Help of his Lieutenant-Colonel, and other Officers, who all stood firm, and helped; with much Difficulty, by Degrees, he came off in reasonable good Order, and with little Loss. The Enemy following him close to the Fort, where he having the Advantage of an old House and placing Musquetters safely in it, and about it, and at either End a Drake, which after he was come under the Fort, with his Pikes my Lord *Marshal* sent him, and charging them with Musquet-Bullets, after four or five times Discharging, the Enemy, by little and little, went clear away; and he shipped his Men without any Trouble. In all this Time, neither my Lord *Marshal*, nor Sir *William St. Leger*, ever came at Colonel *Harwood*, till he was, with his Pikes, come close under the Fort. My Lord of *Essex*, my Lord of *Valentia*, and Colonel *Bruce*, at several Times came to him, to see him; yet none of them do assume the making of the Retreat to themselves, as my Lord *Marshal* did, saying before this Table, He, and Sir *William St. Leger*, made the Retreat. My Lord *Marshal* propounded this Day to keep the Fort with One hundred and twenty Men, in which he was opposed by them, who said, *If he left these Men in the Fort, it was needful to leave a third Part of the Shipping there to keep the Harbour*; which the Fort could not do alone: For, so soon as we were gone with our Shipping, they would have the Fort back again, and it were so many Men certainly lost, which every one was against, leaving only a hundred and twenty Men there to be lost, and my Lord *Marshal* would

would not understand of leaving any Shipping for keeping the Harbour.

ON *Friday* Morning, the 28th of *October*, our Men that were in the Fort, were drawn on Ship-board; and the whole Fleet fell down that Night towards the Entrance into the Sea.

THE 29th, was called a Council of War, to consult what was fittest to be done; divers were the Opinions; some, that we should go into the *Streights*, and see if we could do any Thing upon some Towns or Harbours there; others, that we might go to the Southern Islands, and try our Fortunes there; *St. Mary Port* was not thought a feasible Thing, because we had been long in the *Bay*, and it was likely they were too well provided for us; others, that we were chiefly to look to what my Lord *Marshal* had expressly in his Instructions, which, as he had declared to us, was chiefly to intercept the *West-Indian Fleet*; and these two Places were both out of the Way for that Design. In Consideration of this Design of his Majesty's for the Fleet, it was proposed by this Council of War, and concluded, to set sail, and ply to the *Southward Cape*, and stand our Course *Westward* sixty Leagues from the Land, in the Latitude of thirty seven and thirty seven and an half, and in the Latitude of thirty six, and thirty six and an half, to look for the *West-Indian Fleet*, with Instructions, if forced by *Western Winds*, our Rendezvous at *Buggerow*; if by *Scutherly Winds*, our Rendezvous at the Isles of *Bayon* in *Gallicia*, where it was intended to Water.

AT a Council of War, held the First of *November*, it was concluded that we should lie yet twenty Days at

the aforefaid *Streights*, to attend the Fleet ; in which time, there came daily many complaints of the Defect of our Fleet, as Want of Drink, a general Want of Water, great Sickneſſes, and Infections amongſt our Men ; many Ships growing leak, with beating it out, in Storms, and high Seas, ſo as it was thought fit to ſend home the unableſt, and moſt uſeleſs Veffels, as the Horſe, and ſome Prizes we had taken, and ſome other Merchant Ships, that had Defects, and with them Sir *John Chidley's* Ship, the *Rainbow* of the King's, which was held a defective Ship alſo : When Seventeen Days of our Twenty were paſt, the Complaints of theſe former Defects encreaſed, ſo as by a Council of War it was generally thought beſt to bear for *England*, which we did.

IN our going out, the Long *Robert* of *Ipswich* founder'd in the Sea, with two Land Companies in her, and not a Man ſaved.

IN our coming home, the *Mary Conſtance* periſhed with two land Companies in her, the Captains, and ſome others ſaved by a Ship that was near them.

OUR greateſt Wants were Drink and Water ; we took a Ship laden with Wines. It was moved to my Lord *Marſhal* by Sir *Michael Gore*, and others, to diſtribute the Wine amongſt the Fleet ; it would much have eaſed our Wants in that Kind, and given much Comfort to weak and feeble Men ; and the worſt had been but his Maſteſty's paying for it, if the Ship had not been proved good Prize : But his Lordſhip would give no Ear to it, by Reaſon aboard the *Anne Royal*, Sir *William St. Leger* told him, *That if he broke Bulk,*
and

and gave any Thing out, he could not answer it, and should pay for it out of his Purse at his Return.

We under-written, amongst us, some one Part, some another, are ready to verifie this Relation.

ROB. ESSEX,
CHARLES RICH,
EDW. HARWOOD,
HEN. VALENTIA,
EDW. CONWAY,

JO. BURGH,
THO. CROMWELL,
MICHAEL GORE,
JO. WATTS,
JO. CHUDLEIGH.



17. *Exposition de la France*

18. *Exposition de la France*

19. *Exposition de la France*

20. *Exposition de la France*

21. *Exposition de la France*

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35. *Exposition de la France*

36. *Exposition de la France*

37. *Exposition de la France*

38. *Exposition de la France*

VISCOUNT WIMBLEDON'S
A N S W E R
TO THE AFORESAID
C H A R G E.

May it please your LORDSHIPS,

FOR the communicating of my Instructions to the Council of War, I had no Order for it, for that they were given me rather to order my self, and the Actions intended : But, if any one can tell wherein I have transgressed in any of them, I find enough ready to take Advantage of me for them : Where it is alledged, that I gave my Instructions somewhat late ; it seemeth that those who would take that Advantage, do not know, or else have forgotten ; for my Lord of *Essex* coming unto my Lodging at *Plymouth*, I did shew him the Instructions lying upon my Table ; but when he was commanded to depart for *Falmouth*, he forgot to call for them, yet I did not forget to send them after him (before I set sail) by Land, and when I first met his Lordship at Sea, I asked him

if he had received my Letters, and Instructions ; and he told me, No : Then I gave him new Ones. And whereas they speak of Ships, as the *Matthew*, that *Rokinner* commanded, and Captain *White's* Ship, their own Neglect that they came not for Instructions, for it must be the Cause, and that they were not ready to hoist Sail when the Admiral did, and the whole Fleet.

AND whereas it is alledged for an Error, that there was no Enemy declared ; the Instructions shew'd where the Rendezvous should be, and no Man was so weak to think, that we went to traffick upon the Coast of *Spain*, having no other Merchandize than Powder and Shot, and herein they declared their Malice, and not my Error, in cavilling at a Point so void of all Dispute.

FOR the Excuse in not writing the Instructions, nor the delivering of them so soon as was convenient, I must think that the Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admiral, might do it as well as I could, for I caused theirs to be written, and some for their Squadrons, and for All my own, for I had them written most at Sea, by reason our Haste was such, and being commanded by my Lord Duke, not to let the Opportunity of a good Wind escape us : And besides, I gave to Sir *Francis Steward* one, who was then appointed Rear-Admiral, as well as to my Lord of *Denbigh*, that succeeded him, so that I had more Writing than others : I had mine delivered sooner than any, and had no more Allowance for Secretaries than others had.

WHERE it was expected that I came not from *Plymouth* without some Design, can any of the Council
of

of War ask such a Question, that had the Honour to hear his Majesty, after a long Debate, to condescend that we should go directy for St. *Lucas*? And for naming the Haven of St. *Lucas* to be a barred Haven, all the World knew that, before we came from *Plymouth*; but the Difficulty was, that it was a dangerous Haven, and more dangerous in the Winter, as the Act of Council doth more plainly declare; therefore, I wonder, that so many sufficient Counsellors, as *Ten*, should lengthen their Journal with that Doubt, and I am sure that no Seamen made that Difficulty before his Majesty, at *Plymouth*, neither did any refuse Sir *Samuel Argol's* Proposition for St. *Mary Port*: For the Proposition that Sir *Henry Bruce* made, and that I should slight it, I must put it with other Slanders that cannot be proved; for this is a worthy Gentleman, and one I have known longer in the *Wars* than any of the Colonels that were in the Troops, and a Gentleman I most particularly honour; and had the Knowledge come from himself, I should have embraced it with all my Heart; yet I could not have done it without the liking of the rest of the Colonels, neither could I change the Directions his Majesty had directed us for: And the Proposition, I did believe, did only come from his Master, for that himself was no Seaman; yet, for all that, I did not neglect it wholly, but called to me some Captains, and Masters, that had most Experience of that Place; and understood the Place to be extraordinary strong, and but one Way to approach to it; well provided with Ordnance, and we not able to land any, having lost our Long-Boats; and besides, there was no Anchoring but in the Power of the Castle, and that

that if we went into the *Streights*, we might be lock'd in, and be long before we could come out, and clean out of Hope of the Plate-Fleet.

THAT my Lord of *Effex*, and my Lord *Cromwell*, should ask me what Directions I would give my Lord of *Effex*; I must say here, as I told my Lord of *Effex* the other Day, speaking of it, that *I never heard any such Thing*: Then my Lord said, *If I spoke it not to you, I spoke it to Sir Thomas Love*; for if I should have been asked that Question, I should not have given any other Council, than what I had written in the Instructions I gave my Lord for Fighting, where the 7th and the 10th Articles will witness most clear for that Point, and did forbear to press, till now that I am urged unto it: Therefore, if Officers of that Quality, will not read and mark their Instructions, but pick Faults in him that commandeth, and join with so many to do such ill Offices, I refer it, and appeal to higher Powers.

FOR, the Letter that I sent after my Lord of *Effex*, it was only to desire his Lordship to perform the Resolution of the Council, That was to make Haste in, and anchor before St. *Mary Port*, but not to forbid him to fight with any Ship that should give him any Occasion, as my Instructions will answer for me to the contrary.

WHERE it is said, That my Lord of *Effex* did Brail up his Foresail, and hover some time to see whether the *Marshal* would send him some Order to fight, doth plainly shew, that my Lord had time enough to have entertained a Fight with the Ships, but that still he had forgotten to read his Instructions: whereas it is
said,

said, that my Lord of *Essex*, Sir *John Proude*, and Sir *John Burgh*, did advise the *Marshal* to set upon the Ships which were fled, I wonder why they in Council gave Order to go to *Puntal*, to take that in first: howsoever, I am assured I left no Minute of Time, neither Night nor Day, but did my utmost to batter *Puntal*, and to have undertaken the *Spanish* Ships likewise, as my Instructions to the Ships that were appointed to go up, can witness under my Hand. But how could this be done, when Sir *Michael Gore* did deceive me, and his Majesty's Service in not warning those twenty Ships that should have done the Business that Night, as the five *Dutch* Ships did to the Dishonour of our Nation; which, if he had performed, we had in the Morning sent the Ships towards *Port Royal*?

WHERE it is said, that my Lord of *Essex* was one appointed to batter *Puntal*: and that it was countermanded; the Reason was, that then my Lord of *Essex* was at Anchor, and that other Ships were floating, and coming in, and therefore fitter to go to *Puntal*: Wherefore I chang'd that Resolution, and sent Sir *Michael Gore* to those Ships to let them know, that they should go up to my Lord of *Essex*'s Ships, to whom I would send Orders to give those Ships Directions, which I sent by Sir *Thomas York*.

WHERE it is said, that when I came aboard my Lord of *Essex*, there were but very few Officers there, or long after, and that there was no Council called, it is true; neither was there any Need, for that I was executing the Resolution of the Council; and in Fight, and in Action, if I should ever and anon ask Council,
it

it had been a great Shame, having profess'd the Wars so long as I had done. For Sir *John Burgh* (since it has been so far put home) I must say, I gave him direct Orders to land his Men as safely as possible he could, and withal directed with my Hand to the Place; whereupon he told me, that in his Opinion, directly to the *Sconce* was the best; so then I told him, I held him discreet enough, and that he was to act it; therefore, after I had told him my Opinion, I left it to his Discretion: Whereupon, he sending the Boat where Captain *Bremigem* commanded, and Lieutenant *Prowd*, and other Soldiers, to the *Sconce*, and finding they went not so safe, went himself that Way which I had directed; but *Bremigem* and *Prowd*, following his former Directions, were slain, which troubled me not a little.

AND thinking to give me my Load, they lay to my Charge, that it was my Fault that the Men with *Granadoes* were not come up, when I had expressly commanded him to attend my Ship. And Sir *John Burgh* cannot deny, but that I sent divers Messengers for him, but he could not be found; and since every thing must be my Fault, and every one must accuse me, I hope it shall be a Pecedent to those that come after me.

WHEREAS it is said, That I was press'd to send some Ships up to *Port-Royal*, I cannot remember any such Thing; for the Service of that Fort, and the Difficulties, made me have but little Leisure to discourse with any: I was so troubled to see the Ships so untoward to come up, that I had enough to do to try 'em, and to send to 'em, for it may be, there was much talking, but I saw but few to help me, but
Sir

Sir *Thomas Love*. And whereas they say, there were Ships enough, they that say so are much mistaken; for I was fain to take my Barge, to draw up more Ships to batter the *Fort*, and could not get enough: And many of the King's Ships were o'Ground, which was the Cause we were so long upon *Puntal*: and yet they say, that there were Ships enough to have gone up: But it shews they took no great Heed.

AND whereas it is said, I gave Leave to land to any that would, without Officers to command them; the Serjeant-Major-General can witness the contrary, for I gave Order to Sir *John Burgh* to command in Chief, and to Sir *John Gibson*, and Searjeant-Major *Fryar*, as good Officers as were in the whole Army, and sufficient for the Troops that were landed; till I came my self, which was not long after. For the calling of a Council the next Day, I thought it not very needful, both that Haste was required to empty the Ships of the Landmen, to be the readier to undertake the Enemy's Shipping, and that for want of Long-Boats, we spent much Time, and had much Trouble to land our Men; so that if one should do nothing but call unnecessary Councils when a Man is in Action, one would hinder another. But what I did, I spoke openly, and gave my Reasons; and if I could have heard any Man to have given a better Reason, or opposed it, then would I have called a Council, for I did imagine, he that was a good Subject would speak for the Service of his Majesty, and not study to spy out Errors in a Chief, and so neglect his Majesty's Service, to betray him when he came home: It is a Sign he went out with no good Intent to do his Majesty

sty Service ; for he that desires to do his best, will not think of his own particular Ends, but of God, his King, and his Country. And for the Want of Victuals, I think, there was never so good Commodity, and (I think) a more particular, and general Order, than was for those Troops. First, as the Acts of Council will shew ; then, that there was so much landed, as much of it was brought back again ; as Captain *Bruce*, Captain *Shipworth*, and many other Sea-Captains can witness ; altho' one would have thought, that Men that had Victuals by them, and such means of Knapfacks as they had, for no other Purpose, that very Nature would have taught them, not to depart out of their Ships without taking some Victuals with them : And Sir *John Burgh* did deliver before your Lordships, (if I be not mistaken) That his Soldiers would have taken some Victuals with them, but that he told them, that if they died, they were provided for ; if they lived, they should not be so far from their Ships : If Soldiers do desire it, what Fault is there in the Officers that would not provide for them ? I am sure, I did see many Officers provide for themselves, who if they will be negligent, and think of nothing, but lay all Trouble and Blame upon their Chief, and when they have Meat in their Hands, they will not put it into their Mouths without Order, what should one do in such a Case ? I dare say, that most of the Officers, that were careful, had Victuals, as my Lord Duke's Regiment, and mine own, and some others ; and if I shall take a general Care, and a particular Care, and yet be complained of, I must think, that they which did neglect providing for their Soldiers, did it of purpose

pose to slander me ; whereas I had given a general Order, that all Soldiers should carry Meat in their Knapsacks, when they should land in any Place whatsoever. Those voluntary Gentlemen that went with me on Land, can witness, as likewise all my Servants ; yea, my very Chaplain himself carry'd his Knapsack ; so that I gave not only Order, but observed my own Order, and perform'd it by Example : And I that have lived these Thirty Years in the Wars, did never know, that upon a Guard that was for 24 Hours, or more, that the General, or Chief, did give Order for Victuals, or did ever provide Knapsacks, which I would not have done, nor never did, but among raw Soldiers, and upon the Coast of *Spain*. But when it hath been for four or five Days, that it were not possible there to get Victuals, then there was Order given, but never where Victuals were to be gotten : And if Captains do not take Care for any Thing, and likewise the Colonels for such Things as are necessary, must the Chief be such a Slave to do all, and others nothing, but to consult together how to slander him ? And because they daily, and hourly sit in Council together against one, is therefore the Cause, or Manner, good ? I am bold now to speak more plainly than I did in my former : Which made me ask your Lordship's Leave to break loose from the Stake, for I had been baited long enough ; for when I heard of a Journal, compounded of Landmen and Seamen together, against their Chief, I saw it was particular Malice, they no ways proving, that I had done them any Wrong ; but making a Catalogue of my Errors, which I confess are many, but
God

God hath not given any of them the Grace to find them out.

FOR my Part, I would never have petitioned to make a Journal, if I had not been strictly commanded by my General, by his Instructions, and likewise by this Honourable Table commanded to shew; and when I did shew it, did think it should not have offended any, but such as are guilty; and for the present, I did not see it work. Neither do I find, by the Petition, that it had given any Cause, till common Fame told these Petitioners that they were touched; then they desired, as they say, to be known to be Men of Honour, their Honour then being more clear than now.

AND whereas it is said, That when I did ride forth, it was to discover an Enemy, they are mistaken, for I went only to discover the best Way for the Troops to march; for I did not understand that any Enemy could give us an Alarm, by coming out of the Town into the Gardens that were hard by us: Neither do I think him any Soldier, that put that Point into the Journal; for the Alarm was delivered to me, to come from the Continent, otherwise I had not stirred: And for calling a Council for such a Matter, would have been frivolous, except that the Army had been commanded by a Commission, as I find, by the Petitions, they could have wished it.

WHEREAS it is alledged against me, That Sir *Charles Rich* had no Victuals, it was not my Fault; for coming the last, he might have brought some with him from Shipboard, and if he made not Hast to come sooner, it was not my Fault; yet, I am assured, that
after

after he had landed, he staid by the Water-Side some Half an Hour. And for the other Troops that were landed, they had above an Hour's Time for their Victuals, and I did see with my own Eyes, that most of them had received Victuals, and had staved some Barrels to drink, which if he had not commanded to their Companies, would never have given over, so that there was Time enough for careful Officers to have provided for themselves. But this Point I have sufficiently proved before, that it wanted not my Care.

It is alledged, That the Serjeant-Major of Colonel *Harwood* did come to me, and told me, that four of his Colonel's Companies did want Victuals, and that I did answer sharply to him, *That now there was no Time to speak, when we were marching to an Enemy.* Was this so sharp an Answer? It will be rather proved, I told him more sharply, That it was a Shame for him and other Officers to be so careless as to suffer their Soldiers to come on Land without Victuals, having the Provision nigh them, and such Means to carry it: And is it not as necessary for a Colonel to have a Care of his Regiment, as I had over the whole Army and Fleet? for there was not one in either, that I did not my best to relieve in all Kinds, having stood upon the half Deck of my Ship whole Days, without eating or drinking, and yet the World sees what thanks I have, and how little they have proved against me.

AND whereas it is said, That coming to *Hercules Pillar*, That my Lord *Essex*, and Sir *John Prowd*, did tell me, That the Troops did want Victuals; I can remember no such Thing; for if any did, it must be only the Companies that landed the Day before with
Sir

Sir *John Burgh*, which was the Reason that he went back ; for if I had heard that those Troops which were to march, had wanted any, I should never have marched forwards, without calling a Council ; for the Cause of my calling for a Council, was to know every Man's Opinion, whether they thought it fit to march to the Bridge, or no ; but the Alarm of my Lord of *Valentia*, of the Enemy, which we did pursue, was the Cause of hindring that Council, when they were gathering together.

AND where it is said, that I needed not to have taken the Alarm from my Lord of *Valentia*, for that it was but his particular Advice ; and yet I am accused for omitting Sir *Henry Bruce's* Opinion, as a particular Man : I fear he that put in that Clause hath not been so long at the Wars as my Lord of *Valentia* hath been ; for if I should not believe the Report of a Soldier of that Experience, and a chief Officer of the Army, from whom should I take a Report ?

AND he that put in that Advice, that I might have discovered the Enemy's Horse, with a *Forlorn Hope*, was no better Soldier than the other ; for to discover Horse with Foot, was never heard of, but to discover Foot with Horse is ordinary : For to send out a *Forlorn Hope*, and to have it cut off before our Face, (which Horse might have done) and we no way able to relieve them ; this was wholesom Council, and a Man fit to judge of the Errors of his Chief ! But Time may make him know better ; for no Man is born a Soldier, tho' a Man may be too soon, after he is born, a Colonel.

WHEREAS

WHEREAS my Opposites charge me, That the Disorder of the Soldiers was for want of Care ; and, that I going before, should have known of the Store of Wine, sheweth, that he that was the Cause of that Conceit, doth think that he could have commanded the Army better than the *Marshal* : But I see, tho' he gives me Directions, yet he did not know why I did ride before ; for that at my going before, I knew of no Wine, but went to quarter the Troops, which I did my self, tho' it was not my Place ; neither is there any Notice in all the Journal of that, or any other Pains and Care I took, neither of my watching the three Nights we were on Land, which because you should be sensible of, I came often in the Night to you. I take it, this Relation was to some other Purpose ; but all this while I knew of no Wine in all the whole Village, for that it seemed to me a barren Place.

BUT, after I had quartered the Troops, I returned to the House of *Don Lewis de Soto*, to see the Army march into their Quarters ; then there was one told me, that there was a Cellar with Wine in it, and that if it might be delivered to every Regiment, it would much refresh them, because they had no Drink, which, as you have heard, I did. Now, for the Disorders which come of Wine, it is one of the most dangerous Mischiefs that can happen to an Army, and I could never hear of any Army that could avoid that Danger, if it did fall into that Inconvenience ; for Soldiers are so addicted to drink, especially Wine, that I will undertake, that if there should be an Enemy's Army standing nigh Wine, they would run into all
Danger

Danger to satisfy themselves of that Delight ; for whereas we set Guards upon all Things that should be preserv'd, yet set a Guard upon Wine, of common Soldiers, and the Guard will be first drunk, as they were in this House ; for whereas they broke in at four Places where I set Guards, when I went to visit one Guard the other would be drunk before I came back again ; yea, let themselves see, if any Man can tell me where an Army hath been kept in any Order where Wine was, I will confess my Ignorance : And to prove my Argument, Sir *John Norris* could not do it at *Portugal* : My Lord of *Cumberland* could not do it when he was in the *Summer Islands*, for most of his Officers, as well as Soldiers, were drunk. In the same Place, Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *Richard Hawkins*, and Count *Mansfield*, when he marched through the Out-Frontiers of *France*, where he lost some three hundred by that Inconvenience. And my Lord *Vere*, in the *Palatinate*, found some Disorders, tho' he had but two thousand, and it was but *Rhenish* Wine, yet for the Remembrance of it, it was called the Drunken Quarter, as this hath been. And since, in the very same Place, I have understood, that *Conyers Clifford* had the same Mischance, when he lost an hundred Men at least ; yet for any thing I could learn, or for any Thing delivered to me, we lost not with sick Men and all, above Twenty, and most of these were in a House that they would not come out of, do what we could. This is sufficient to prove how dangerous Wine is to an Army. And if the King of *Spain* will defend his Country, let him but lodge Wine upon his Coasts, and he may overthrow any Army with it : But if
these

these great Commanders (whose Sword I am not worthy to carry after them) could not avoid this Inconvenience, I may be excused. I can say no more, but that I did never imagine, that so barren an Island, as that was, could have made so much Wine. And whereas they would have had some of the chiefest Officers to have staved the Wine, and to have set a Guard, I must say, that he that put in that doth not know, that the Serjeant-Major-General did spend almost a whole Night in staving the Wine; I am afraid he was asleep when he should have been waking.

WHEREAS it is pre-supposed there were no Guards set out, it is mistaken of Purpose, I fear; for to some of the Colonels, I did shew it myself, to Sir *John Prowd*, and gave Order to the Serjeant-Major-General, to see that all the rest did the like; which no Colonel of Understanding would have omitted, being for his own Safety, and so ordinary a Thing; and in my Absence it did belong to my Lord of *Essex*; so that he that saith it did not, shews little Experience.

AND he that saith, I gave my Lord of *Essex* Order, without visiting the Place, he is still in the wrong, for I did visit all the Avenues, the Serjeant-Major-General being with me; for I did make the Quarter, which was not for me to do, neither to set out Guards: But by this Discourse, I find that he that presseth this, was not by when it was acted.

WHERE it is said, that that Night there was no Word given out till Two of the Clock; I would know whether that Colonel did send his Serjeant-Major for the Word, to the Serjeant-Major-General; and if it was demanded of him, and he gave it not, let him

him answer for it, for I was no Serjeant-Major : But I would have this marked, that if these Things should have been neglected, (as I assure myself they were not) yet none of these Fault-finders ever complained to me, as they should have done, if they had regarded his Majesty's Service, as well as they did to find out Errors : But his Majesty, and my Lord Duke, did mark how these ill Humours did discover themselves at *Plymouth* ; they could not hide it : for such Men are like Foxes, that are the craftiest Beasts of all, but there are more of their Skins that are sold than of any other Beast.

IT was not my Proposition, to know what to do, when I called a Council, for that is untruly mistaken as much as the rest was ; for my Proposition was, that seeing this Disorder of the Troops that had been that Night, that to go to the Bridge was of no great Consequence, and whether it was not better to return.

AND whereas it is said, that the Disorder of the former Night was spoken of when the Colonels met, after having quartered ; I remember no such Thing.

WHERE it is said, That I asked the Advice of the Council of War about *Cadiz*, there was no such Thing ; for it was asked on Horseback, and the Night before ; so that I see these Things come from one that, I think, did so little, and understood not much, but what was told him.

I CANNOT find that this Discourse doth sound as if it came from a Soldier, but a made Discourse ; for no Man can make me believe, that it was well done to stick upon a Retreat when the Enemy was no stronger ; for my Order was, that the Retreat should be

be made fighting, and retiring; and that one Regiment should second the other, which might have been done, if the Enemy had been three times as strong as he was, especially, when there was no Horse to charge them: So that when I said, they were longer engaged than I saw any Reason for, it is true; for they were above an Hour and an half longer than I did make Account of; and standing without the Fort, as far advanced as I could, there was my Lord of *Effex* and my self; I told him, that I wondred at this Retreat, the Enemy being no stronger; and that I gave them Order to fight and retire; and that that which they did, was no manner of Retreat, but a plain Skirmish, and that it did hinder much our embarking; which in Regard of want of our long Boats would be very troublesome, as it was Night before we had done. Upon this, Colonel *Bruce* flung off his Coat, and ran to see what it was, and gave him his best Assistance; at last came Colonel *Harwood* off in good Order, and the Enemy followed him with scattered Shot, and some of the Shot came into *Puntal*, and made his Retreat to the old Houses, that were like Barns, whither I did send him two small Pieces called Drakes, with sixty Pikes to guard them; where I did see that Effect with them, that after they were but shot twice, I could not perceive any Advance more, for those Drakes shot some forty Bullets and some sixty. After this I went to Sir *Edward Harwood*, and met him coming off from the House: I desired him to tell me, what was the Reason that they stuck upon the Retreat so long, and made me keep such Troops as were to be shipped. His Answer was, that the Men were

raw, and that the Officers had engaged themselves farther than he would have had them.

AND whereas it is said, that all the Time Colonel *Harwood* did skirmish with the Enemy, that neither the Marshal, nor Serjeant-Major-General, ever came to him; that argues, that he, or those that writ that Part, shew, that they do not understand what does belong either to the War, or how every one ought, in this Place, to perform his Duty: For if a Colonel or two are not sufficient to make a Retreat against an Enemy, that was no more in Number, not so much as half those Troops that were ordained to make the Retreat against them, sheweth, that they did despair of their Sufficiency, that did make their Retreat, which I did hold sufficient to have performed a greater Business; but had I thought, that they had not been so, then would not I have shipped my Horse as I did, but would have made my Retreat my self, which was not my Place to have done; for my Place was rather to have looked to have given Order to have seconded him with new Troops, if either he had needed, or that he had sent to me for Order, which he never did.

AND whereas it is said, my Lord of *Essex* went up, that cannot be; for he was with me when Sir *Henry Bruce* cast off his Coat and went to see the Reason why Colonel *Harwood* did so long stick upon the Retreat.

AND whereas it is said, that I had delivered before the Table, that I had made the Retreat; I must answer him that urgeth that Point, so far I should be sorry to deliver any thing before the Table, that was
not

not true, especially of my self; my Answer is, That he that hath contraried that Point is no Soldier, and doth not know what a Retreat is for Part of the Army; and a Retreat of the whole Army; and that which belongeth to the Army; as Cannons, Horses, and Baggage, and to see the Army embarked, and all Things belonging to the Army: So that as Colonel *Harwood* made the Retreat of Part of the Army, till he came to me to the *Sconce*, (under which Protection) to which Place he was to make his Retreat, and that when I did send him the small Pieces; then it could not be properly said, that he made any more Retreat: But that then it was properly to be said, that I did make the Retreat, for I staid there so long, to see all Things shipped, that most of the Officers, but the Serjeant-Major-General and Colonel *Burgh*, quitted me, without taking their Leave: So that the Wrong which had been done me, in saying, That I did not make the Retreat of the whole Army, is in regard he wanted Judgment, and has shewn his Ignorance in that, as he hath done in many other Places, for altho' there be sufficient Soldiers in the Number of the Ten, that hath subscribed, and therefore I cannot think it came from their Pen; yet I know they are of the lesser Number by much, that are professed Soldiers, and not many, and yet those may be content to let such Errors pass, for their Advantages, and to see whether I would take Exceptions of it.

For the holding of the Fort of *Puntal*, which we got so hardly, it is true, that I did propound it, and would we had kept it; for then we had been now Master of the Plate-Fleet, that came into that Bay, with-

in four Days after our Departure, for it was a Fort that might have been well defended, or, at least, so well disputed, as those that had been in it might have made as good a Composition for themselves, as the Enemy did that we put out ; for I meant to have left Two hundred Men, and some Twenty Ships, for some Fourteen Days, with a sufficient Number of Ordnance, and well victuall'd, and furnish'd with Ammunition, but there was none that would condescend to it, doubting of the Danger. Then my Answer was, that without their Consent I would not do it ; yet it had been a good Service howsoever, especially to have given us the Assurance of a good Harbour, which we had no where else upon any Occasion ; which if he had done, we had found the *West-India* Fleet in the Harbour ; and when I did see there was none that would venture the Danger to hold it, my Answer was, That it is true, that there is no going to the Wars without Danger, and that he that will undertake any Thing of Worth, must venture more than Two hundred Men.

THE last Article of all that was presented me, is, That I would not break Bulk, and command Wine to be delivered in the Name of Sick-Men. My Answer is, That if I had, the Sick-Men should have had the least Part of it, and that the most Part of our Men, that were sick, had the Calenture, and that Wine was held very unfit for them ; for we found our Beer not to do them that Good we wished, in regard of the Strength of the Hop ; and besides, there was no Ship wholly loaden with Wine, and that there was no Quantity to have satisfied the whole Fleet ; and to satisfy some, and to leave the greater Part unsatisfied, would

would be but Labour lost ; so that this may go amongst the other forced Articles, that may serve for Number, but not for Substance.

T H U S hoping that this Relation is fully satisfied, and answered, though by one Defendant, and in Two Days, tho' the Plaintiffs had Fourteen Days to compound theirs, and Ten Persons to contrive it. But a good Cause needs not so much Help before judicious Hearers. But this Course of Bill, and Answer, was never used (I think) in our Profession before, for it would have become better, Pen-Men, than Pike-Men; but Defendants may be best excused.

WIMBLEDON.



A true and exact Journal, or Diary, of the most material Passages, happening at, or after our Landing at the Isle of Rhee, Anno 1627.

THE General Expectation of our mighty Fleet, was at length delivered of a hopeful Birth; tho' through wilful Ignorance, or over careful Fear, in the after Carriage of Affairs, it proved illegitimate: For after some Fortnight's Time, spent in Chace of some certain *Dunkirkers* (on *Wednesday* being the 11th of *July*) we safely arrived before the Isle of *Rhee*: Where a Council being immediately called, the Colonels received Order for their manner of Landing. That Night nothing of Consequence was done, only some Shot made by the Battery Ships, at the Fort called the *Fort de la Prée*, but to little Purpose.

12th *July*. THE next Morning Monsieur *Soubize* went to *Rochel*, to procure some Aid from them; and Sir *William Beecher* was likewise sent by my Lord Duke, to know their Intentions; but they of the Town would scarce admit them, but by a Postern-Door, being jealous of the Success of our Affairs. After Four o'Clock the same Day we begun to unship our Soldiers, but by that Time we had landed some 1200, or 1500 of our Men, with three or four Drakes, the Enemy (who lay undiscovered of us, by the Advantage of a Bottom) charged us with 200 Horse, and

and 1000 Foot. In their Horse Charge, they shew'd themselves true *Frenchmen*, desperately valiant; and put our Men, being unranked, and scarce stepp'd on Shoar, to Rout, and drowned many of the Rear; but at length, by the brave Example of the Colonels, and General, they re-assumed their Courage, and in Gratitude laid above 100 of their Cavalry on the Ground. The Foot seeing the ill Entertainment of their Horse, came on very unwillingly, (their Captains waving their Hats to them) and were glad to quit us; for after Two or Three Vollics of Shot, and Stones, finding our Pikes too long for them, they betook themselves to Flight, and left us Masters of the Field; an Honour dearly purchased, it being by the Death of many of our bravest Commanders. That Night we began to land our Horse, and make good the Place by Intrenchment, expecting another Charge from the Enemy that Night; but they left us quietly to enjoy our Victory, wherein (if they had been as provident as valiant) we had never prevailed; for if they had first charged us with their Foot, to have received our first and hottest Volley, and then flanked us with their Horse, they had scarce left us any for a second Defeat: But it happened otherwise by a Dissention among themselves, arising from this Cause. Monsieur *Thorax*, Governor of the Island, had promised Baron St. *Andrew* the Honour of the first Charge, which he after gave in Command to his Brother, whereat he being discontented, would not charge at all, nor suffer his Troops to second the Vanguard; yet we must not attribute our Victory, or rather Safety, wholly to this Cause, but the especial Favour of God, who after our

Soldiers took themselves for lost, and ran away, gave them Courage to resist, and then beat the bravest Soldiers of all *France*, the Regiment of *Champaign*, never before beaten; and to defeat their prime Cavalry, consisting all of Gentlemen of Quality, a Thing miraculous for Infantry to do.

Friday 13th. THE next Morning *Thorax*, in a *French Bravado*, sent a Page with a Trumpet, to tell my Lord Duke he meant to give him a Breakfast: My Lord, to shew he would conquer them as well by Courtesy, as the Sword, stood complimenting with the Page, with his Hat in his Hand, and returned him with Twenty Pieces for his Message, and the Trumpet with Five. The same Day, Sir *William Beecher* returned from *Rochel*, with no other Answer but *Delays*, for they being only Friends only to themselves, would shew no Countenance, or Approbation to our Actions, till we were possess'd of the Island; and till they had got in their Wine and Corn, they would not, unless under-hand, afford us any Assistance. The same Day, the Governor sent another Parley to my Lord Duke, concerning the Burial of the Dead, and offered 1000 *l.* for one Nobleman's Body; but my Lord very honourably gave them Leave to bury them without any such Consideration. All this while we stirr'd not from our Landing-Place: Those that judge most favourably of our wary, or rather, fearful Proceeding, (not daring, or not knowing how to pursue our Victory) attribute the Cause thereof to Monsieur *Soubize* his Stay in *Rochel*, for levying of Forces there.

14th. THE Day following, Baron *Ambellembé* came to bury the Dead; of whom the better sort were carried

carried to *St. Martins* to be interred: For the rest, the Baron gave our Soldiers Money to bury them. Between Three and Four o' Clock that Day, *Monsieur Soubize* returned from *Rochel*, with some few Gentlemen, and 500 Soldiers: Then our Troops being put in Battalia, we marched out of our Trenches some Three or Four Bow-Shots; and being late, our Army, both Horse and Foot, quartered there that Night.

15th. The next Morning, the Duke, and *Soubize*, went to view the Passage, and to find the safest Way for the Army to march in; and some say, *Soubize* persuaded my Lord Duke, to march out of Shot of the little Fort, which was the direct Way, and to turn up among the Vines, which (the Weather being very hot) did so tire our Soldiers (marching Five or Six Miles out of the Way in such Ground) that if the Enemy had charged us, they would have put us to great Extremity; whereas if we had passed by the Fort (which had neither Ordnance mounted, nor any body to resist us but an old Woman, as we afterwards heard) and sent the Summons which *Sir William Beecher* had wrote, and my Lord Duke signed, and delivered to *Sir John Burrows*, we might have easily had it, (the Enemy having formerly quitted it, as a Place not tenable) and might have kept it for a Retreat, and saved that unnecessary Circuit, to avoid that which with equal Fear shunned us, which after proved the Loss of the Island. About one o' Clock our Army began to march, together with the *French*, who (to be known from the Enemy) wore green Boughs in their Hats. My Lord Duke, with *Soubize*, marched

in the Head of the Troops ; and the Villages we passed by, came and rendred themselves to my Lord : A little before Night, some of the Enemy's Horse shewed themselves upon a Hill far off, but durst not charge us, seeing in what good Order we marched. We came that Night before a Town called *La Flotta*, about the Mid-way between the *Point* and Saint *Martins*, where the Army quartered, my Lord himself lying in the Field, in Sir *John Burrows's* Quarter. In the Night Time we had two Alarms, one from the General, the other from the Enemy's Horse.

16th. THE next Day in the Morning we marched into the Town, where we stayed the best Part of the Day, being entertained with a Compliment from *Thorax*, a Challenge of Forty of their Horse to as many of ours : but it was not accepted of, in regard we ought not to lose the Advantage we had gotten of them : But indeed it was only a Delay to gain Time, that they might thereby victual the Citadel, whereof they had been carelessly negligent, (having a prejudicate Opinion of their own Valours) though they were formerly advertised of our coming, as well by Intelligence out of *England*, as also by a base, treacherous Dutchman, who set Sail from *Portsmouth* at the same Time we did, being laden with all warlike Munition, Powder, Bullets, Pikes, Match, Muskets : But when our Fleet was dispersed, in Chace of those *Dunkirkers*, he got into St. *Martins* before us, five or six Days, where he sold his Lading for Salt, and also gave an exact Account of our Forces, both by Land and Sea, with a Catalogue of our Commanders Names, to the Governor *Thorax*. The same Day, one Mr. Crane,

Crane, a Trooper, in a Bravado, would needs discharge his Pistols into the Fort, where he was slain; but his Horse was returned to my Lord Duke, by the Governor's Appointment. That Afternoon the Body of Sir *William Heyden*, was buried at *La Flot*, in the Protestant Church-yard, with a Soldier's Peal, three or four brave Volleys of Shot. The same Night we marched towards *St. Martins*, but we lodged in the Field, it being very tempestuous Weather, for Thunder, Lightning, and Rain.

17th. ON *Tuesday* we marched into the Town, but as we began to approach, some Twenty or Thirty of the Enemy's Horse made a Stand, to brave us, of whom we killed two with the Shot of a Drake, and the rest vanished: Some of the Chief of the Town came with a white Flag to my Lord Duke, desiring him to take them, and the Town into his Protection. All that done, the Enemies played their great Shot into the Town, but did little Harm: A Council of War being called, Sir *John Burrows*, who had well viewed the Fort, and the Strength thereof, delivered his Opinion to my Lord Duke, which was, That it was a Thing impossible to take the Fort by Assault; and the Certainty of our Succours depending upon the Wind, and many other Casualties, to starve them was likewise difficult; in as much as they had, to our Knowledge, carried three or four hundred Tuns of Wine into the Fort, with a great Quantity of Corn; which they had sufficient Time to do, between *Thursday* the Day of our Landing, and *Tuesday* following, the Time we came into the Town: Wherefore he thought it fit only to pillage the Island, and so go for *Oleron*, or some other Place

Place more profitable; but his Advice was not allowed of: For my Lord Duke, besides the Engagement of his Honour, being too credulous, did rely upon the Promises of some confident Seamen (*who took a great Deal of Pains to disgrace themselves*) and undertook to suffer no Assistance to come unto them by Sea, as the making of Booms, and Float-Batteries, which came all to nothing.

18th. THE Day following Sir *William Beecher*, with Mr. *Grimes*, were dispatched for *England*, to hasten the Supply of the *Irish*, together with Money and Victuals.

19th. THE next Day we landed Seven Pieces of Brass Ordnance.

20th. THE next Day after, Ten; of which there were Five mounted on a Battery by the Sea-side, which had not shot above two or three Shots, but one of them was dismounted, and two more almost spoiled by them of the Fort.

21st. ON *Saturday* following, Sir *Peregrine Bertie's* Regiment, which was left at the Point to make a good Retreat, if need were, was commanded to *La Flot*, to join with Sir *Henry Sprye's* Regiment, together with our Horse, to assure that Place.

22d. FOR Two Days following, nothing but shooting from the Battery and the Fort.

ON the 24th, Forty of our Horse, with Two Companies of Foot, were sent to burn some Windmills, that the Enemy might have no Relief by them: In one of the Mills they found a Party of thirty Musqueteers of the Enemy's, who yielded themselves poorly, without Shew of Resistance, and were brought to the
Duke

Duke ; where, after they had stayed two or three Days my Lord sent them, according to his accustomed Mercy unto the Main. The same Day we had a Supply of sixty Oxen out of *England*.

ON the 27th, the Night being dusky, there came three or four Boats from the Main, laden with Provisions to the Citadel.

28th. THE Day following Mr. *Monck* came from *England*, through the Main, (passing the Army which lay before *Rachel*, with great Hazard of his Life) and brought a Message by word of Mouth, from the King, to my Lord Duke, with Intelligence of thirty or forty Sail of Ships, with three or four Thousand Men preparing in *France*.

ON the 30th Day there came one from the Citadel, pretending he ran away, who profest himself an Engineer, and desiring Conference with my Lord Duke, he was suspected, his unconfident Countenance bewraying him : And being searched by Mr. *Ashburnham's* Appointment, there was (as some say) a poisoned Dagger found about him ; whereupon, the Torture being threatned to him, he confessed he was sent by the Governor to kill him ; which he justified to the Governor's Brother, and other Gentlemen, which came to clear themselves : For which Cause my Lord Duke would not agree to have or give any Quarter to them. All this while the Battery played, but little Harm on both Sides : And notwithstanding it was generally concluded by the Colonels, and all the Council of War, a Thing impossible to take the Fort but by famishing them ; yet in all the Time we had been in the Town we went not about to block them up by
In-

Intrenchments, but took a more preposterous Way, in raising Batteries, before we made our Approaches : A Thing very chargeable, and needless ; for with the infinite Company of Shot that we made against the Sand-hill, we did nothing by the way of Breach, but spent more Powder and Shot than half the Revenues of the Island was worth ; and still the Passage was open for those of the Towns round about to carry what Provision they would into the Fort, and give Intelligence of the Affairs of our Army ; which the Enemy's Horse continually did, foraging up and down the Country.

AT length, meer Necessity compelling, on the Third of *August* we began to intrench.

ON the fifth Day in the Afternoon, our Soldiers being at work about the Intrenchment, some thirty, or thirty two of the Enemy's Horse sallied out of the Fort upon our Trenches ; but they were repulsed only with the Loss of two of our Men.

ON the 9th, my Lord Duke appointed five hundred Seamen to be drawn out of the Ships, and gave them in Command to Captain *Meddall*, with a Commission to be a Colonel ; but his Honour was of so small Continuance, as it only serv'd to make him ridiculous ; for the rest of his Mates, and Under-Officers, were laugh'd out of their Employments by the Landmen.

ON the 12th, the *French*, which came with *Soubize*, together with Captain *Shugborough* and Captain *Paddon*, following the Directions of my Lord Duke, contrary to the advice of Sir *John Burrows*, fell upon the Enemy's Works with an Intent to poison a Well ;
but

but there was nothing done, but Captain *Shugborough*, and some few of our Soldiers, slain.

ON the Second of *September*, our long expected *Irish* arrived, under the Conduct of Sir *Ralph Bingley*, and Sir *Pierce Crosby*. The same Day there was a Parley from the Citadel. The Gentleman that came with it, knew, as soon as my Lord Duke, of our new Succours. The Subject of his Message no Man knew; but he pretended only to see a Brother of his, who had been taken Prisoner. There were diverse other Parleys, as for *Lords* and *Melons*, which some thought to be by Way of Scorn, but my Lord Duke would not so interpret them. And in those Parleys my Lord Duke grew distastful to the Colonels and Council of War, in that he would never impart any of their Messages to them, nor admit them to the hearing or speaking with any of them.

ON the 4th Day came another Parley from the Citadel by Baron St. *Serin*, upon whose coming, My Lord Duke appointed Mr. *Ashburnham* to go along with him to *Paris* to the King of *France*: And this Day about Noon they went to the Main. That Night there were two Boats of the Enemy's taken, coming to the Fort. For two or three Days together there was Preparation made for the Assault of the little Fort. Ordnance was landed at *La Flot*, and Sir *Alexander Brett* had undertaken it; but it was afterwards thought fit not to divide our Forces, for a thing of so small Consequence: But it afterwards proved the Axiom true; *A contemned Enemy proves oftentimes most dangerous.*

ON

ON the 11th, there came a Barque of forty or fifty Tuns, to the Citadel, laden with Provision, for the Governour himself; which cost us five hundred great Shot from the Ships, to sink her; but did little Harm, only the killing of *Thorax's* Brother who could never die in better Company; for about three or four Hours after, Sir *John Burrows* was slain, viewing the Works; and with him died all our Hopes of good Success; and in his Death, as in his Life, undismay'd. That Night some of our Men made a small Skirmish with those of the Enemy's Trenches, to the End, that, those which were appointed for the firing of the Barque, might with greater Security go on; but all was in vain.

ON the 17th, Mr. *Ashburnham* returned from *Paris*; not suffered to speak with the King, but used with as much Respect, as befitted his Years and Person. Presently after his Return he was sent for *England*: About two Days after St. *Serin* came to St. *Martins*. At first, my Lord Duke denyed to speak with him; and sent him aboard Captain *Porter's* Ship, a Prisoner; but he continued not long there, but was sent for to St. *Martins*; where my Lord Duke used him with great Respect.

ON the 20th, about Break of Day was discovered a Fleet of Boats coming to the Citadel: And, the Alarm given, they made back again; but our Ships chasing them, took Five, laden with Victuals and Munition.

THE 24th, Sir *Henry Palmer* arrived at St. *Martins*, with thirteen Sail of Ships, laden with Victuals and Munition for our Army.

ON

ON the 26th, there came a Parley from the Fort; but my Lord Duke would admit of none, in Regard of the ill Usage his Cousin *Ashburnham* received at *Paris*, and sent them an absolute Answer, that he would hold no Parley with them, unless it were touching the Delivery of the Fort. Presently after the Return of this Message, came the Lieutenant-Governor of the Fort, Baron *Monthault* with a Trumpet, to treat of Articles of yielding; and withal told my Lord Duke, if they received no Succours from the Main that Night, the Morrow following they would render it up; which they were in a manner forced to do by the Mutiny of the Soldiers: But our Hopes were all defeated by the coming of fifteen or sixteen Boats from the Main, which brought them at the least two Months Provision of Victuals and Munition; which they stood in great Need of. For a fortnight's Time before, we had not a great Shot from the Fort; and our Soldiers marched to their Guards in open View of the Fort, (the Trenches being full of Water) without receiving any Hurt by their small Shot, for Want of Powder. And, now, to add to our Miseries, our Soldiers began to sicken apace; having neither good Lodgings, but in the Trenches, nor Meat, but which stunk, nor Drink, but Water; all the Provision of Wine in the Island being spent: *Yet the Rochellers would not be sensible of our Wants; but for that small Provision they sent, they sold it at a tripple Value of the Worth.*

OCTOBER the Seventh, there landed seven Boats at the little Fort. For four or five Days nothing was done, our Soldiers died apace.

ON

ON the Thirteenth, there was great Preparation for an Assault ; neither would my Lord Duke be dissuaded (but by the foul Weather) although all the Colonels subscribed it under their Hands, to be a Thing impossible ; and also for our present Departure ; inasmuch as our Army grew so weak, and we had certain Intelligence of the landing of four thousand Foot, and two hundred Horse ; the Horse being already embarked. Sir *Henry Sprye* used a Soldier-like Freedom of Speech, in shewing to my Lord the Necessity of our Departure ; and that it would be honourable, having sufficiently shewed our Valour and Resolution in remaining so long Time in an Enemy's Country, with such an Handful of Men, and who never dared to meddle with us ; and besides, it would be no more dishonourable for us, being so few in Number, after four Months Siege to go away from a Place unfeasible, than it was for one of the greatest Soldiers in the World, *Spinola*, to rise from *Bergenopzoom* with thirty thousand Men ; but he was answered with a Court-like Scorn, That *he talked as if he had come from an Ale-house*. And for the rest of the Colonels, who were all of the same Opinion, and durst speak their Opinions, instead of hearkening unto them, by whom he ought to be governed, he abused them in Words, insomuch, as many of them swore they would never come forth with a Man who durst not return. But my Lord Duke was swayed by some insinuating Sycophants, and others, who told him, it would be dishonourable to go away, having two Months Victuals ; but at length we were fain to leave our Victuals, and Men behind us too, to run away far more dishonou-

dishonourably. Then foul Weather happening that they could not fall upon the Fort, Baron St. *Serin* told my Lord Duke, he was very glad of the Weather ; and told him freely a Truth, the Experience whereof we dearly bought, that we should lose our Men to little Purpose.

ON the 21st, by my Lord Duke's Command, about six of the Clock we quitted our Trenches, which the Enemy presently possess'd, pulling down our Courts of Guard in our Redoubts.

THE next Day, contrary to the Opinion of the Colonels having so many Men, we fell upon our own Trenches to beat the Enemy out, who basely ran away faster than we could follow.

ON the 23^d, there were twenty five Boats landed at the little Fort with a thousand Men. The Day before my Lord Duke gave St. *Serin* Leave to depart for the Main. Nothing done for four or five Days, our Colonels still importuning my Lord Duke to depart : Notwithstanding, on the 27th, my Lord Duke gave Order for falling on the Fort, which we did, our Men being more desperate for Fear of Starving, and went on bravely ; but we quickly found (contrary to the Relation of some Villains who ran away from the Fort, that they had not four hundred Fighting Men) a Resistance fit for forty thousand Men, and we were scarce four thousand : They killed above a hundred of our Men with Stones, and they might have done the like by our Army, if they had come on without ever shooting small Shot : They blew up three Mines, but did little Hurt with them : In all were lost and slain four hundred Foot and Horse : They took some thirty
Priso-

Prisoners in Traps, which they had made in their Trenches.

On the 28th, and also the Night before, there landed five Boats at the Point; yet my Lord Duke would not be persuaded to be gone, but would have returned Sir *Henry Sprye* with Sir *Peregrine Bertie* to *La Flot* again, which they refused to do. About Three of the Clock in the Morning, Sir *Edward Hawley*, and Serjeant-Major *Brett* came in the Name of the Council of War, to entreat him to march away; but he would not, being persuaded by a seditious Minister; who told him, it were dishonourable and inhuman to leave our sick Men and Provision behind us. About Eight of the Clock Sir *William Cunningham's* Horse came to my Lord Duke, and told him, they heard great Shooting in the Main, or rather at the Point, and saw the Enemy's marching to the Town. Then my Lord having talked with *Soubize*, commanded to march away, which we did, leaving our Sick behind us, whose Throats were after cut, and inhumanely sent us in a Barque, which they thrust from the Shoar two or three Days after, with great Store of Provision, as well Arms as Victuals. We had not raught a Musket shot out of the Town, but we saw the Enemy at the Heels of us, some two Hundred Horse, and two thousand Foot; and we were about three thousand Foot, and a hundred Horse. We made a Stand to see if they would give us Battle, but they would not. On we went to *La Lanard*, a Village, where we made another Stand, thinking they would have charged us. Then we marched to *Loys Bridge*, where we were to embark; and before two Regiments had passed the
Bridge,

Bridge (being very narrow) they fell upon our Horse in the Rear, and put them to Rout; and they routed the Rear, insomuch that none of our Foot could charge; so every one ran away; and the Enemy had the Execution of five whole Regiments; which they put all to the Sword, except twenty Officers, and a hundred common Soldiers Prisoners, and those that were drowned, which were many. The Enemy had passed the Bridge, but Sir *Pierce Crosby* with some Pikes, and Sir *Thomas Fryar* with Muskets made them retreat, after they had beaten us out of the Work, which was made so ill, it was not tenable.

F I N I S.



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V E R S E S

Written in a Leaf of the AUTHOR'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE

Q U E E N.

The Muse's last Dying SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earliest Voice,
Made Kings and Queens, and Beauty's Charms
her Choice ;

Now on her Death-Bed, This last Homage pays,
O QUEEN! TO THEE : Accept her Dying Lays.
So, at th' Approach of Death, The *Cygnets* tries,
To warble one Note more — And, singing, dies.

HAIL, Mighty QUEEN! Whose pow'rful SMILE
alone

Commands Subjection, and secures the THRONE :
Contending Parties, and Plebeian Rage,
Had puzzled *Loyalty* for half an Age.

Conqu'ring our Hearts, You end the long Dispute,
All, who have Eyes, confess You ABSOLUTE.
To TORY Doctrine, even *Whigs* resign,
And in your PERSON, own a RIGHT Divine.

*Thus sang the Muse, in her last Moments fir'd
With CAROLINA's Praise — And then, Expir'd.
Written*

The Muse's last Dying SONG.

*Written in a Leaf of the same POEMS,
Presented to the PRINCESS ROYAL.*

WHEN we'd exalt some Heavenly Fair,
To some bright Goddess we compare:
MINERVA, Wisdom; JUNO, Grace;
And VENUS furnishes the Face:
In Royal ANNE's bright Form is seen,
What comprehends 'em All — THE QUEEN.

